

The Sketch

No. 836.—Vol. LXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



A TWO-ELEPHANT POWER PLOUGH: ELEPHANTS WHO ARE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

Sanger's elephants, at least, cannot echo Lord Althorp's famous phrase, "I am not an agricultural labourer," for, when the circus season is past—in the winter months—and they are not figuring, gorgeously arrayed, in processions through the streets of towns and villages, they are set to work on "Lord" John Sanger's farm, so that they may be kept fit. Amongst other things they have been taught to draw a plough. "Lord" John makes his other animals work also, and, for instance, a camel and a dromedary turn a chaff-cutting machine on his "Lordship's" farm at Horley.—[*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



Latest School for Wives.

I hear that a School for Wives has just been opened at West Hampstead. Miss Agnes Turnbull is the principal, and she proposes to teach the students to wash clothes. It is a very good thing, of course, to know how to wash clothes. If Miss Turnbull can turn out wives who know how to prevent collars and cuffs from being torn to shreds in the first week of active life, she will have done much to avert a national disaster. Further, hear Miss Turnbull on electricity. "Electricity is a thing of the future, and we think that our students should be prepared for it and should know how to regulate an electrically heated oven." Capital! Setting aside the fact that all Miss Turnbull's students will *insist* on an electrically heated oven, whether there is electricity to be obtained or not, I see nothing against this branch of the system. Here are a few other matters which you may learn from Miss Turnbull, my dear Dolly—

Choice of a house—rent and rates.
Ventilating, warming, and lighting.
Savings and investments.
Preparation and serving of meals.
Household emergencies.
Marketing, with price and choice of food.

Define "Household Emergencies."

Now, I should be the last in the world to discourage Miss Turnbull. The more girls she can turn out capable of running a home without reference to the dull-witted master of it, the greater the debt that England will owe her. But, before I profess whole-hearted enthusiasm for her scheme, I should like to ask her this question: "What do you mean, Miss Turnbull, by household emergencies? If you mean that your wives will know precisely what to do when little Jackie sets fire to his clothes, or Baby swallows the charwoman's beer-money, or Uncle Dick has an apoplectic fit in the drawing-room, or Father, rushing to catch his train, falls over the scraper and breaks his nose—if, I say, these are the household emergencies that you have in mind, and these alone, then, so far as I am concerned, I fear your scheme is condemned. It is too shallow, too materialistic, too trivial to be of any account." It is possible, though, that Miss Turnbull has looked far more deeply into the matter. Under the heading of "household emergencies" she may include the tactless reference to the weakness of one's wife's mother for the bottle, and how to deal with it; she may include the sudden interest of husband in the charming widow in last house of row, and how to combat it; she may include discovery on part of wife that life is a mockery, and what to do about it.

The "Daily Cheerfulness Class."

Surely, dear Miss Turnbull, these subjects are of far greater moment than the washing of shirts and the preparation of meals! Surely it is more useful, even to put it on so low a basis, to be able to shepherd the vagrant affection than to control an electrically heated oven! If you admit this, if you will assure me that "household emergencies" covers such weighty and difficult problems, I shall be glad to distribute personally that portion of your prospectus headed, no doubt, "Tact, Patience, and Daily Cheerfulness Class." Indeed, I hope I may have the privilege of being present, some afternoon, at one such class. It will be divided, no doubt, into several divisions. In the first division we shall have the novices, to whom you will address testy and fretful words, subsequently showing them the kind of expression with which to receive such, and giving them a list of suitable replies to learn by heart. In the next division we shall have the more advanced pupils, at whom you will jeer and

mock. They, in their turn, will practise the difficult art of restraining the sudden tear and the snort of anger. In another class will be those very advanced pupils who are learning how to bear, pleasantly, the cold word and the look of indifference. Yes, it will be an afternoon of the deepest interest. I would not miss it for worlds.

A Call to Rebellion.

A writer in the *Englishwoman* is annoyed, I gather, because we do not get our own language in our own opera-houses. (She means, of course, on the stage. English is freely used in other parts of the house.) Here is her passionate appeal to our waning insularity: "The only hope for English opera is for Anglo-Saxons to rise in the pride of race, throw off the humiliating foreign yoke, and demand the use of their own language in their own opera-houses." From the humorous point of view, which is all-important, there is a good deal to be said for this suggested rebellion. The English language never sounds quite so comic as when wedded to serious music. I defy anybody to resist the nice gentleman in "Madame Butterfly," who stands looking down upon the corpse of the little Japanese girl, and sings with tremendous fervour, "Oh, the pity of it all!" What a blessing the English language was to W. S. Gilbert! Could any librettist get half the incongruous effects of phrasing in French, German, or Italian?

Fog and Character.

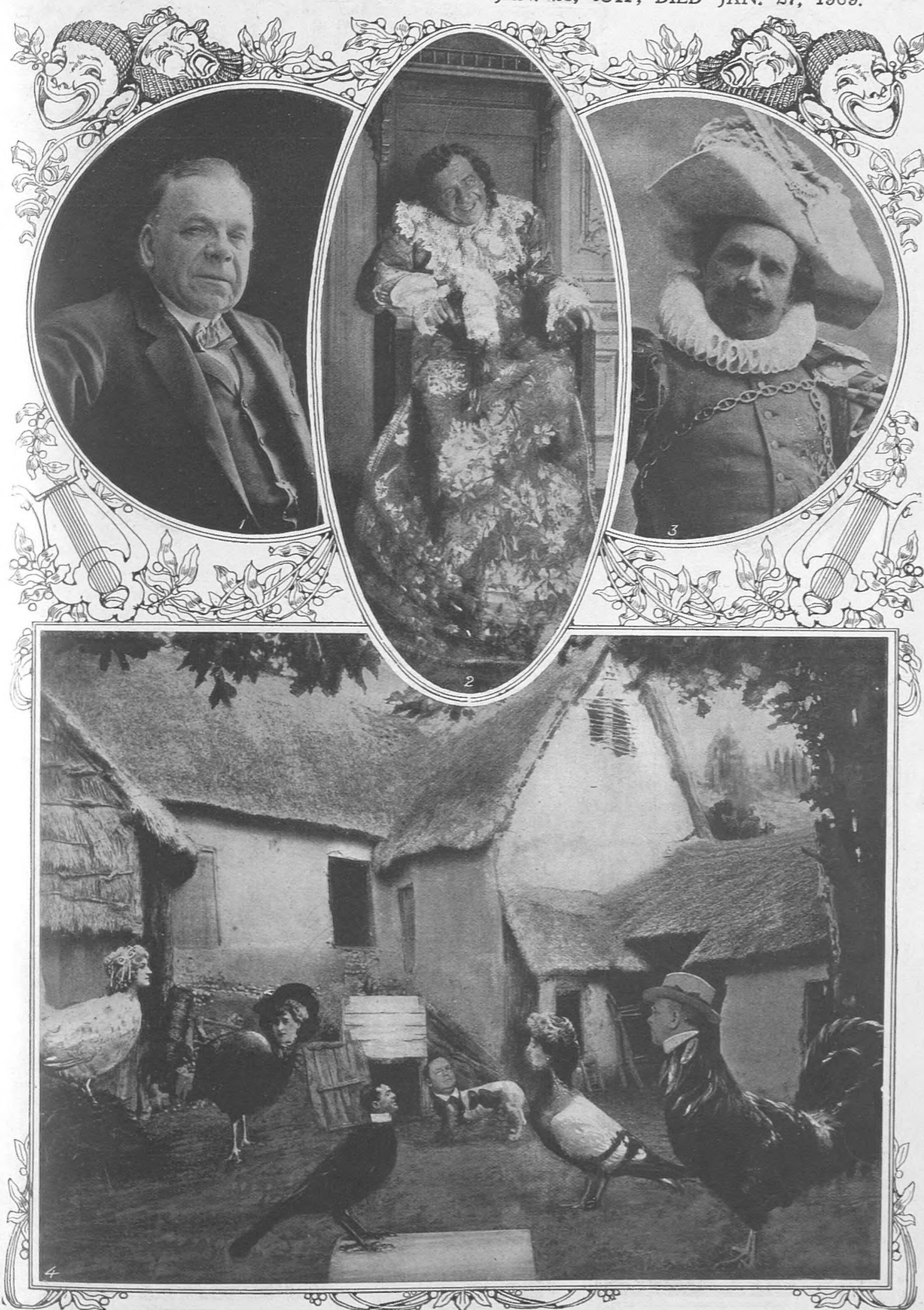
At the moment of writing, the fog has lifted, and all the schemes for the prevention of fog have been thrust once again into the bottom drawer of the inventors' desks. There they will lie until the next black fog descends upon London. None the less, I cannot refrain from rebuking those who lost their way in the late fog—or, for that matter, in any other fog. You will have heard people saying: "I've known that road for thirty years. I could walk down it blindfold and find my own house. But last night I found myself on the wrong side and at the wrong end of it. What d'you think of that?" They seem quite proud of the mistake, whereas, of course, they should be ashamed of themselves. It is sheer weakness of character that allows people to lose their way in a fog. They cannot trust their own knowledge. They say to themselves, "This *must* be wrong," and off they go in any direction but the right one. Some writers would take advantage of you by saying, here, that it is just the same in life. For my part, I will spare you that, although, as a matter of fact, it is.

Present of a Secret Sorrow.

In one of my daily papers, a correspondence is going forward on the subject of "Long-Haired Musicians." Some of the contributors get very heated over the matter. Says one, presumably a short-haired musician: "A man is judged by the quality of his work; and I would advise your correspondent and others to take more trouble over what is inside, rather than outside, the head. What is excusable in a genius is simply silly in the ordinary person. 'All the world's a stage'; and I suppose we shall always have with us the individual who struts about with long hair and a floppy necktie, and who cares more for the shell than the nut." There is some slight confusion of metaphors here, but no matter. The short-haired musician, instead of getting cross with his long-haired friends, and writing stinging letters to the papers about them, should grow his own hair long. I think, if he is at all mercenary, he would be glad. Musicians with the instinct for business wear their hair long for the same reason that chauffeurs shave clean, and barristers wear their hair short—the public expect it. The more you can look your profession, the more likely you are to get on in it. . . Now I have told you my secret sorrow.

THE BAKER'S SON WHO WAS FRANCE'S GREATEST ACTOR:

BENOÎT CONSTANT COQUELIN, BORN JAN. 25, 1841; DIED JAN. 27, 1909.



The Hen
(Mlle. Gilda Darthy).

The Turkey
(Mlle. Marcelle Lender).

The Blackbird
(M. Galipaux).

The Dog
(M. Jean Coquelin).

The Pigeon
(Mme. Simone le Bary).

The Cock
(M. Constant Coquelin).

1. THE LATE BENOÎT CONSTANT COQUELIN.

2. THE LATE M. COQUELIN AÎNÉ AS SCARRON.

3. COQUELIN AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC, ONE OF HIS MOST FAMOUS RÔLES.

4. THE UNFORTUNATE ROSTAND PLAY THAT STANDS AGAIN POSTPONED, BY REASON OF M. COQUELIN'S DEATH: "CHANTECLER"—A FRENCH JOURNAL'S AMUSING FORECAST.

The late Benoît Constant Coquelin may fairly be described as the greatest French actor of his day. The son of a baker of Boulogne-sur-Mer, he began his working life as assistant to his father, but soon took to the stage, and studied under Régnier in Paris. He was, perhaps, best known in this country by his performance of Cyrano de Bergerac. By his death the unfortunate "animal play," by Rostand, "Chantecler," again stands postponed. Coquelin was to have played The Cock in this, and rehearsals were in progress. His last words concerned the rôle—"No, certainly I shall never play Chantecler." The "forecast" illustrated was published in 1906.

Photograph of No. 1 by Gerschel.

PERSONAL AND THEATRICAL: SOME PEOPLE AND A PLAY.



THE MUSIC-HALL TRAGEDY: THE LATE MR. GEORGE SCOTT, EX-MANAGER OF THE ALHAMBRA.

Mr. Scott was found shot in his bed-room at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, last Friday. By his side was a double-barrelled gun and a piece of stick that had apparently been used to work the trigger. Mr. Scott, whose real name was Mitchell, was originally in business in Plymouth, and began his association with theatrical and music-hall enterprises in 1872.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



WIDOW OF THE POLICEMAN KILLED DURING THE TOTTENHAM MURDER AFFAIR: MRS. TYLER.

Mrs. Tyler, for whom a public appeal is being made, is the widow of the constable who was shot during the terrible Tottenham affair. The funeral of P.C. Tyler took place last Friday, was witnessed by thousands, and was attended by, amongst others, Sir Edward Henry, the Commissioner; Major Woodhouse, Sir Alexander Bruce, and Mr. Herbert Samuel, acting as representative of the Home Office.

Photograph by L.N.A.



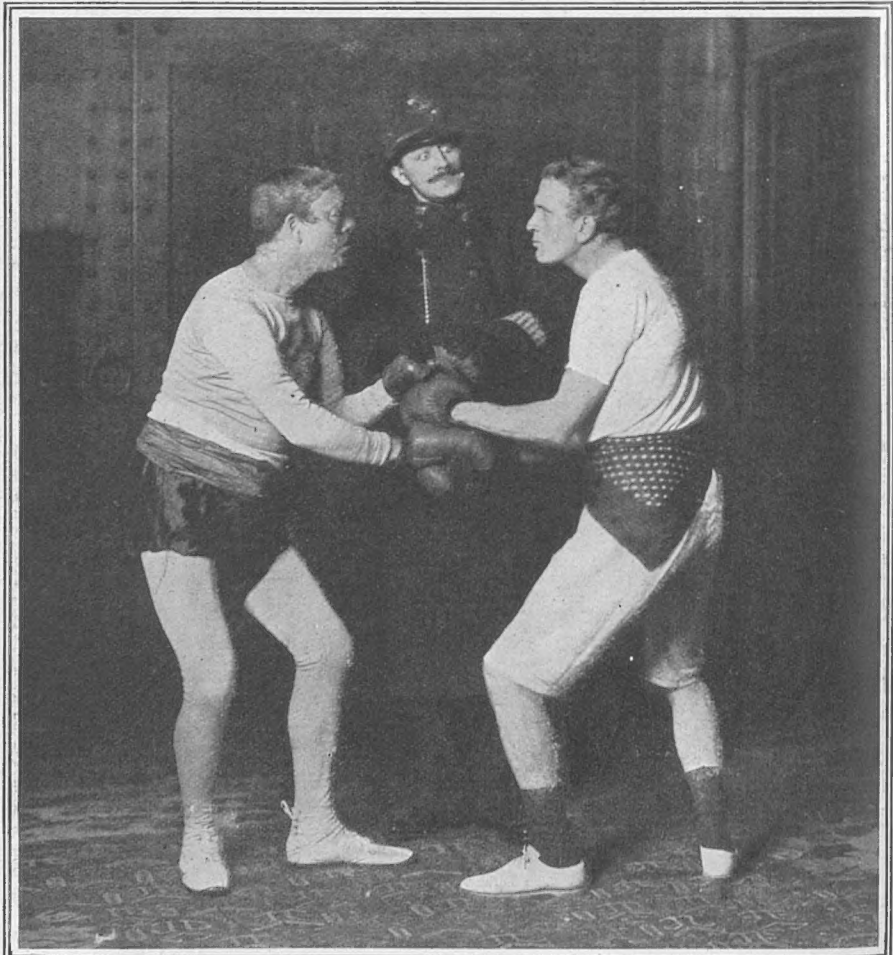
THE "KIDNAPPED" SOCIALIST M.P.: MR. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P. FOR THE COLNE VALLEY DIVISION OF YORKS.

Mr. Grayson was an attendant at the Labour Conference at Portsmouth. On Friday he was due to speak, but did not turn up. Later it was ascertained that he had set out, at the invitation of some "admirers," for a short motor drive, and that, despite Mr. Grayson's protestations, the admirers would not bring him back to Portsmouth until the conference had risen.

Photograph by the Sports Company



MR. HENRY AINLEY AS BASHVILLE.

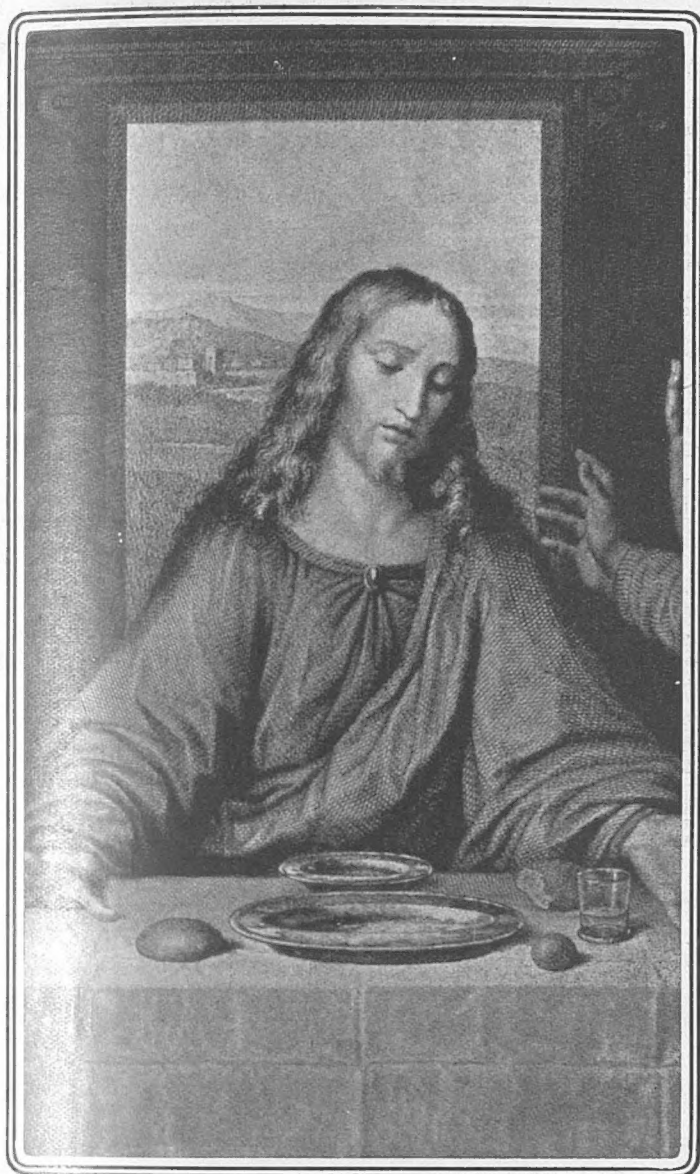


MR. LENNOX PAWLE AS MELLISH, AND MR. BEN WEBSTER AS CASHEL.

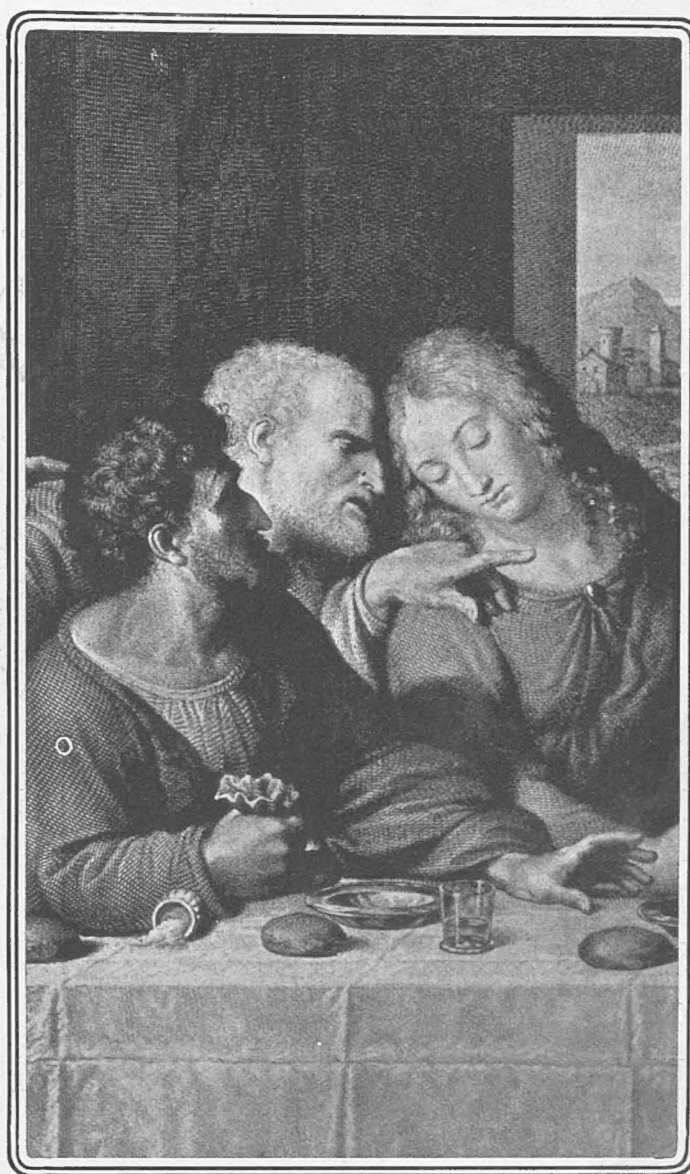
AT THE THEATRE THAT IS "A REFUGE FOR THE HOMELESS AND UNEMPLOYED PATRONS OF VEDRENNE AND BARKER", "THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE," AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE (HIS MAJESTY'S).

Mr. Bernard Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville," the author's dramatisation of his own novel, "Cashel Byron's Profession," was revived at the Afternoon Theatre last week. The Afternoon Theatre, as is generally known, stages its productions at His Majesty's. Mr. Shaw has described it as likely to provide "a refuge for the homeless and unemployed patrons of Vedrenne and Barker."

THE COINCIDENCE IN LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "LAST SUPPER."



THE CHRIST OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "LAST SUPPER," FOR THE FACE OF WHICH, SO RUNS THE STORY, SAT A CHOIR-BOY OF THE CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.



THE JUDAS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "LAST SUPPER," FOR THE FACE OF WHICH SAT, IN HIS LATER YEARS, THE CHOIR-BOY WHO SAT FOR THE FACE OF CHRIST.



LEONARDO DA VINCI'S GREAT PICTURE, "THE LAST SUPPER," FOR THE FACES OF THE CHRIST AND THE JUDAS IN WHICH THE SAME MODEL IS SAID TO HAVE SAT.

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Reminiscences of My Life. Charles Santley. 10s. net.
 CASSELL.
Women of All Nations. Edited by J. Athol Joyce, M.A., and N. W. Thomson, M.A. Vol. II. 15s. net.
 SEELEY.
A British Officer in the Balkans. Major Percy Henderson. 76s. net.
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Patricia Baring. Winifred James. 6s.
 RUDALL, CARTE.
The Musical Directory, 1909. 3s. net.
 JOHN MURRAY.
The Archdeacon's Family. Maud Egerton King. 6s.
Beyond the Skyline. Robert Aitken. 6s.

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
August Manns and the Saturday Certs. H. Saxe Wyndham. 3s. 6d.
Short History of the English Stage. R. Farquharson Sharp. 5s. net.
 CHATTO AND WINDUS.
Julian Revelstone. Justin McCarthy. 6s.
 JOHN LONG.
The Combat. Arthur Campbell. 6s.
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The Thunder of the Hoofs. William Henry Lang. 6s.
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEBRUARY 6.

THE RADIUM INSTITUTE. "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME." "THE ANGELUS."

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEBRUARY 6. PRICE SIXPENCE.

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 Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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 each photograph or drawing.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

I DON'T know whether it is owing to the fact of my having roller-skated on my head or what, but, b'Jove, my brain has been even more active than usual these last few days. And before passin' on to epoch-makin' matters and jottin' down a few hints for posterity and others, just a word about the new exercise, which is all the go. If nothin' earthly will stop you from goin' right away out to Olympia to get an appetite for dinner, and at the same time give your tailor a bit more respect for you, go wary, d'y' see. Don't just say, being a tyro—what do you think of that for a word?—"Skates, please," have 'em put on, and make an airy dash for the middle. What? If you do, and come round pretty soon, either there or in the nearest hospital, you'll only have yourself to thank. "Roller-skatin'," I said to myself. "What a toshy game. Any fool can. . . ." Well, I *did* come round, but there was, and is, an unevenness at the back of my head as big as the egg of a water-wagtail. So I've started the fashion of wearin' the hat tilted over the nose. Had to, y' see. Let me give you a tip. Get into your skates, leave your pride alongside your walking-stick, raise a peremptory forefinger at an instructor, or an expert pal, take his arm, and before sailin' alone get to know something of the laws of gravity and the devilment of wheels. Now do.

And so to work. Now, look here; this Scots case, eh? Oh, good readin', and all that. I'm with you there. I'm with you that it gives an added zest to the pre-breakfast cup of tea, when it is accompanied by the *Telegraph*—what a paper for knowin' the public wants: six columns one day—and all that. I'm with you that, fog or no fog, a touch of gout in the heel, or a woolliness about the nose, it is frightfully funny to see other people bein' made to look very idiotic. That's human nature. That's why the first comedian who ever appeared in pantomime in the first production at the Theatre Royal, Stonehenge, somewhere round about 22 or 23, always got a laugh when he sat on someone else's hat. I'm with you, bless you very, very much, that it is better for Freddy or Harry to be under the pump than you or me. Why, of course. Be that as it may—another hot remark—I told you higher up about the bump—it has never struck me before quite so strongly what a huge number of us there are who would be in precisely the same tight corner if our private lives were laid flat upon an open plate, and I daresay with just as little justification.

"Why?" asked one of the parties to a very Scots question—the question of a man who don't live in the world, but in Edinburgh—"Why?" And one could see the eyebrows go up with the inflection in the voice. And I asked myself why also. The point is this,

d'y' see—gradually and gradually, as the Albert period has been hidden beneath calendars, the whole lot of us who are civilised have become more and more careless of appearances. That's the point. We no longer say to ourselves, "Ah, now we mustn't do that, d'y' see. People will talk." Do we—what? First of all, we don't give the stereotyped expression *what* people will say; secondly, we don't think, when we stop to think—and we never do stop to think—that they *will* talk. That's the point. Asked a similar question in a

similar place, by a similar person, ninety-nine out of a hundred of us would up and answer, "Why?"

The point is—I'm all for points this time—that we do just precisely what we want to do at the moment, however foolish, however odd it may look afterwards, because we want to do it. Ten to one there's no harm in it—no real harm; ten to one it's all amusin' and bright. Put, havin' utterly thrown to the four winds of heaven—not bein' a naturalist, I still say four; some joker may have discovered or invented a fifth, for all I know—all the stuffy ideas of what was proper and conventional as practised, when there was anybody to see, by our fathers and the like; having grown up in the habit of laxity since we were quite little, we are now enormously surprised when some old-fashioned cove, with or without a white wig, asks us some sudden question as to the wisdom or propriety of any little thing that we chose to do. We all ask "Why?" and mean "Why," because we all think that every person with any pretension to civilisation does and thinks as we do.

Ain't that so? Of

course it is. We have no memory for anything that happened nine days ago. And if by any chance we do happen to remember that one of us came under the curious judgment of the legal mind, we are rather pleased than otherwise to associate with him or her. In these cases, where civilised and highly educated people are concerned, it is obvious that no right interpretation of conduct can be arrived at unless the Judge and counsel are equally civilised and highly educated, and so know full well—hot again, b'Jove!—just exactly what to make of it. It's an anomaly that, while everyone else progresses, the Law should stand still. I say that it's an anomaly—though I don't know exactly what the word means. If you want to get an expert opinion about the right sort of links for '09 you don't get it by going to a hermit who has sat in a cave for eighty years—now, do you? In my opinion, the same argument applies to this particular case. Civilised people ought to be tried by civilised people, not by people who believe that they are still in the Albert period. If not, you don't get justice, you get insolence. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.



ENTENTE COMPLIMENTS.

MONSIEUR HENRI (who wants a pass-out ticket): Pardon, Monsieur, are you the ticket-of-leave man?



THE CLUBMAN



THE FAITHLESS YELLOW MAN—THE DANGERS OF MIXED MARRIAGES—SOME HAPPY DUSKY BRIDES.

THE whirligig of time brings strange revenges. The days when a marriage between an Asiatic or an African woman and a white man solemnised in Asia or Africa was considered in no way binding on the man if he wished to go back to Europe and marry a white woman there are well within my remembrance. The missionaries have caused all that to be changed so far as Africa is concerned; and if in Burmah, and for a time also in Japan, the little yellow ladies who had gone through some form of marriage ceremony did not claim their rights against the white men who deserted them, the cause was partly that in many of the countries of the East the marriage knot is tied very loosely, and also that the little Burmese woman waiting by the old pagoda in Mandalay has very misty ideas as to how she should set to work to prove herself the bride of the faithless soldier who has gone away over the rim of the world.

Now it would seem that the story of "Madame Butterfly" is being reversed. The brown man and the yellow man come to England, and English girls marry them, believing that when their husbands take them out to the East they will reign as Princesses in an Oriental kingdom. There was a case but a short while ago in which a British Indian gentleman, holding a good position in his own country, married an English lady, and then tried to behave towards her as so many white men have behaved towards their dusky brides; and now comes the marriage of Count Todo and the story of his subsequent courtship of a Princess in his own country, to show that the Eastern pupils are bettering their masters even in the doubtful art of shattering the marriage ring. Our brown fellow - subject pleaded that his religion made the marriage tie with anyone not of his own caste and his own creed impossible, but he learned that when law and the tenets of a creed clash the law has an awkward manner of asserting its priority. We talk of the law and the prophets, not the prophets and the law.

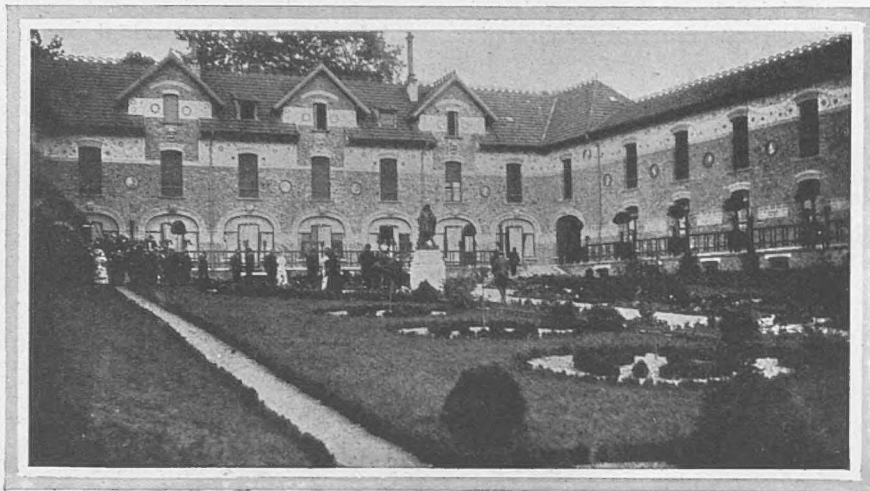
The Japanese Count is likely to find that his position as a nobleman will not free him in his own country from his matrimonial chains. That the Mikado has to be consulted with regard to the marriages of his noblemen is a fact, but any nobleman who tries to cut himself free from a perfectly legitimate marriage is more likely to find himself reduced a step or two in the peerage than he is

to find himself a bachelor again. I have seen in Eastern countries many of these mixed marriages, and if *Punch* said "Don't" in ordinary cases, I would say so with added emphasis in the cases where an Eastern proposes to marry a European. No lady, unless she has been in the East, knows what a barrier grows up in India between an English lady who has married an Indian gentleman and the rest of her white sisters. The husband may be extremely clever, most agreeable, and a model of all the domestic virtues, but the European ladies feel that his wife has broken her caste. That the children of such a marriage belong neither to one race nor to the other is, I think, one reason why the feeling of the English in India is so strongly against these mixed marriages.

Sometimes, when a white bride finds herself the wife of an Eastern potentate and removed from all European surroundings, there is real danger to her, not from her husband, but from other wives, or from people who have cause to be jealous of her. A white woman in a Rajah's palace is always a disturbing element to a large number of persons, and there is generally a possibility that the interloper may die of one of those mysterious diseases which are still prevalent in native states. I can recall one occasion when a young lady went out to the East to marry a dusky-skinned ruler, and the British Government, whose agents had discovered that her life would be seriously threatened if the marriage took place, insisted on the engagement being broken off and the lady returning to England by the next mail steamer.

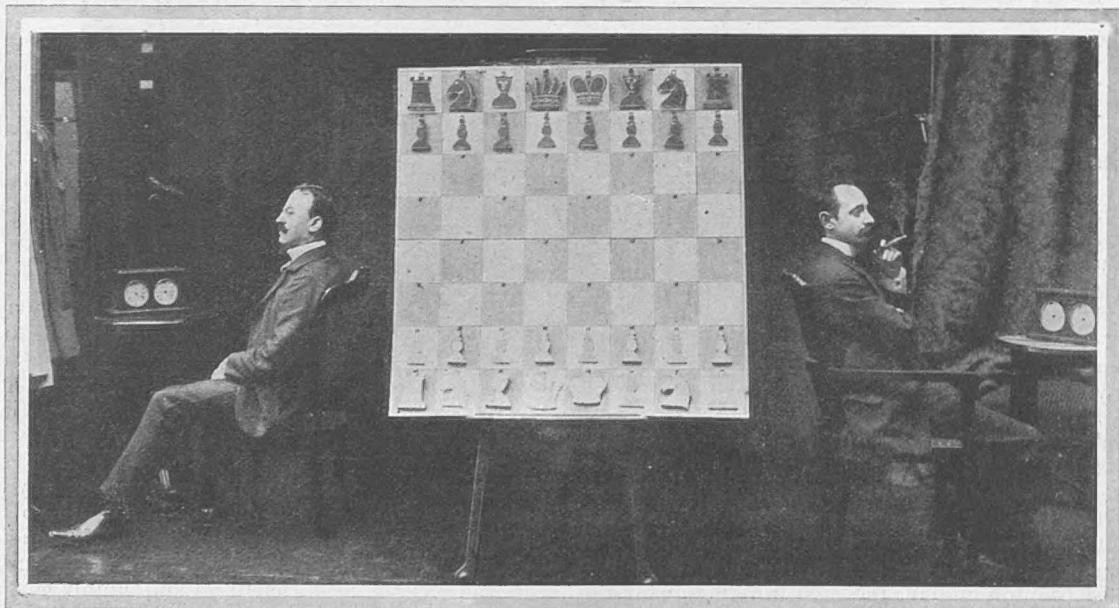
The mixed marriages in which a white man marries a dusky lady very often turn out very happily—far more often than when the colours are reversed. I remember in South Africa finding a cultured Englishman, who had the gloss of European civilisation still upon him, living in a little house on the outskirts of a Kaffir kraal, and scarcely seeing a white man from one year's end to another. He was tired of the white world, and he was very fond of his wife.

To all appearances, she was just like any other Kaffir handmaid; but when she had cooked the dinner and placed it on the table, she solemnly took her place opposite her husband. An attempt was made in subsequent years to induce this Englishman to leave the kraal and the dusky dame, but he would not do so.



THE SCENE OF THE DEATH OF COQUELIN AÎNÉ, THE GREATEST FRENCH ACTOR OF HIS DAY: THE HOME FOR OLD ACTORS FOUNDED BY COQUELIN HIMSELF AT PONT AUX DAMES.

Coquelin Aîné, who died last week, passed away in the home for aged and poor actors and actresses which he himself had built at Pont aux Dames, about an hour's journey from Paris.—[Photograph by Branger.]



A NEW METHOD OF SHOWING THE PUBLIC THE MOVES IN A BLINDFOLD CHESS MATCH: A LARGE CHESS-BOARD ON AN EASEL, WITH HANGING MEN.

Our photograph shows two masters playing a game of chess during which neither sees a board. The audience is enabled to watch the moves on the large board shown, each move being made on it as that move is announced by one of the players. By this means a very large audience is able to watch the proceedings with ease, and certainly the method is a better one than that which sets ordinary small boards on a table in the room in which the match is being played.—[Photograph by Scherl.]

THE TROTTING-RACES AND STEEPLECHASES OF SKI-ING.



SKIJÖRING AND SKI-JUMPING.

Mr. Wroughton has described jumping on ski as to ski-ing what steeplechasing is to hunting. On the same basis, it may be said that skijöring provides the trotting-race of ski-ing. The four smaller photographs on this page illustrate skijöring on the ice at St. Moritz. The skijörer is pulled along by a horse, over which, by the way, he has very little control. Therefore, if he be wise, he will chose an old stager to draw him. The large photograph shows a jumper in mid-air. In the "Book of Winter Sports" appears the following: "A description of an ideal jumping-hill may serve better than anything else to give the layman an idea of the nature of this branch of the sport. The first portion consists of a gradient of some eighty to one hundred yards in length, down which the jumper slides rapidly, in order to gain impetus for the jump. At a marked spot where the hill dips considerably, and which is technically known as the 'take-off,' he takes the leap, and landing below, perhaps 100. or 130 feet further on, continues his course to the bottom of the hill."

Photographs Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 6 by the Illustrations Bureau; No. 2 by Topical; No. 4 by Bolak.



MISS BETTY MARQUAND, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. JOHN SEYMOUR MELLOR.

Miss Marquand is the daughter of Mrs. Graeme Harrison, and a granddaughter of Mr. Ogston, of Baltimore, Maryland.

Photograph by Lafayette.

roses—dog-roses—of her cheek. And yet these ladies must equally condemn the judgment made long ago by a witty member of the House of Lords. He said that ugly women may more properly be called a third sex than part of the fair one, and should renounce all thoughts of their persons and turn their minds another way. They may, said he, amuse themselves with field-sports and a cheerful glass; and if they could get into Parliament I should, for my own part, have no objection to it.

The Flight of the Witnesses. A notorious divorce case, even if it is tried so far away as the Modern Athens, is not without its effect on the population of Park Lane and Piccadilly. Each party to a hard-fought suit has half-a-hundred witnesses in view whose evidence is really not essential, though it might dot the "i's" and cross the "t's." It is but natural that such supernumeraries are unwilling to enter the lists. They have not chosen the combat, and they hate the rôle of detective or tale-bearer. Hence it was that at the end of January there were more than the usual number of departures for the South of France and elsewhere, and "no letters will be forwarded." The popular nobleman went, and the equally popular Member of the House of Commons. Ladies took to their beds, and I have heard of one lady who remained for four days a prisoner in the bath-room of her flat, rather than run the risk of being known to be in town and falling

SMALL TALK

SINCE that excellent judge of fair faces, and unfair, Mr. Max Beerbohm, made a note of the sylvan charms of Miss Pankhurst's countenance, more kind things have been said of Suffragettes' good looks than they care to hear. Miss Muriel Matters, for instance, dislikes being condemned politically, and yet praised in the Press for her good looks; she is a good Suffragette in the first, a good reciter in the second, and good-looking only in the third place. Nor does the lady with the dog-whip wish to be remembered for the

cricket, he has written a County History, he has married a daughter of Lord Londesborough, and he has been a baronet for forty-seven years of his complement of forty-nine. He stood for Parliament at Scarborough, and for his portrait to Mr. Sargent. The picture was a failure, but the election a success. He sat at St. Stephen's for a few sessions, but he did not *sit well* enough to keep his seat—the only occasion, his friends say, he did not play up to his name.

The Persuading Evelyn. Congratulations are due to the Rev. Francis Wilberforce on his engagement to Miss Florence Evelyn.

This lady is a descendant of John Evelyn, of Wotton, the diarist, whose granddaughter married into the Harcourt family, and whose grandson married a niece of Margaret Godolphin, a saintly lady at the court of Charles II., whose charming biographer John Evelyn was. Mr. Wilberforce has his courtship guide near at hand; in the *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, Evelyn sets forth his persuasions to that young lady before she had decided on the married state. On the strength of them no Evelyn, surely, should be hard to woo, and we wish this "excellent couple," as the diarist would have called them, "a conjunction of all likely circumstances."

Roller Skating in Rome.

Roller skating has caught on in Rome with the fervour that blazed in England in the jolly seventies, and is again ablaze. Moreover, Rome has something like the exclusive-

ness of Prince's of those days, when admission to that illustrious rink was obtainable by none that had not been presented at Court. For the Roman club is choice; and not only choice but Roman; and not only Roman but black. The oldest and most majestic families of the Vatican party are sending their sons and daughters off on wheels; and of the many



A POLITICAL WEDDING OF THE MONTH: MISS AMY WHADCOAT AND MR. ARTHUR J. SHERWELL, M.P., WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE THIS MONTH.

Mr. Sherwell, who is member for Huddersfield, is well known as a writer on sociology. He is five-and-forty. For some time he conducted the Sunday afternoon lectures that were so popular a part of the ministry of the late Hugh Price Hughes.

Photographs by J. E. Shaw.

charming young Americans in Rome two only have been yet elected members. The Anglo-Saxon and Transatlantic monosyllable of the name of these charming sisters contrasts strikingly with the historical polysyllables of Odescalchi, Lancellotti, Patrizzi, Antici-Mattei. Most of the skaters are Prince and Princess, and some are also Don and Donna, which is more.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE FUTURE: THE HON. MARY GARDNER, DAUGHTER OF LADY BURGHCLERE.

Photograph by Speaight.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE FUTURE: LADY ELFRIDA WENTWORTH-FITZWILLIAM, DAUGHTER OF LADY FITZWILLIAM.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

Another Yorkshire Sir George.

Sir George Sitwell, who ate his forty-ninth birthday-dinner the other day, is a man of many and varied tastes. In the British Museum you might mistake him for an expert in manuscripts; in his own house you would suppose that he had given all his life to bric-a-brac—bought, by the way, a great deal of it, in Sicily. He is keen on

AN OPERA THAT MIGHT DISMAY ANY ORCHESTRA: "ELECTRA." THE NEW WORK BY RICHARD STRAUSS, COMPOSER OF "SALOME."



1. FRAU KRULL AS ELECTRA.

2. FRAU KRULL AS ELECTRA, AND HERR PERRON AS ORESTES.

3. DR. RICHARD STRAUSS, THE MOST DISCUSSED COMPOSER OF THE DAY, CONDUCTING.

4 and 5. FRAU SCHUMANN-HEINCK AS CLYTEMNESTRA, AND FRAU KRULL AS ELECTRA.

Dr. Richard Strauss, whose "Salome," it will be remembered, caused such a turore, has written in "Electra" a score so complicated that it has no equal in this matter at least. The orchestra that gave it its first performance was equipped in a manner even more unusual than were the ones that interpreted "Salome," and undertook a task of extraordinary magnitude when it began rehearsals of the new opera; the perfect performance it gave on the occasion of the first production is greatly to its credit. Dr. Strauss has a habit of running amok amongst instruments, and any orchestra in the world might well be dismayed at sight of the score of his latest work.

To the singers, also, the music presented difficulties that many would regard as insurmountable.—[Photographs by Martin Herzfeld.]

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



MILITARY ATTACHÉ AT THE
AMERICAN EMBASSY: CAPTAIN
S. A. CLOMAN.

Captain S. A. Cloman is one of the most popular members of the American Diplomatic Corps, the more so that shortly after his appointment as Military Attaché had been gazetted he brought to London a charming bride in the person of a lady who, as the widowed Mrs. Clement, had been a noted Washington hostess. Captain Cloman was a distinguished graduate of the United States Academy in New York, and during the Spanish-American War he was given a special appointment, rejoining his regiment when peace was declared.

Photograph by Thomson.

often supposed, in the "outward apartments" of Chesterfield House that Samuel Johnson was kept waiting, nor from that front-door that he was repulsed.

Lady Londonderry. Londonderry House is a splendid place of entertainment, and Lady Londonderry is a hostess in whom the Tory party is happy to find a proxy for Lady Lansdowne, still absent in India. And everybody says that her Ladyship is delighted to do the honours of the Eve of the Opening of Parliament; for if you take the place of the leader's wife at need, your husband must surely have something a little better than the Postmaster-Generalship in the next Government that leader forms. In fact, Lady Londonderry aspires to see her husband with some serious Cabinet rank. Londonderry House inherits, as well as upholds, high traditions of hospitality; and it is a memory of the house that young Disraeli, then a brand-new M.P., watched from its balcony the review in the Park in honour of Queen Victoria's Coronation.

Contemporaries

The Kaiser is fifty—and so is Lord Curzon. Neither the one nor the other has had a moment's ennui. Neither asked himself, after the manner of Tennyson's hero, what he would be at fifty if he was tired of life at twenty-five. The Kaiser and the ex-Viceroy have met and compared notes—personal notes, such as grey hairs and crow's-feet, and there is hardly a pin to choose between them. As for Lord Curzon's health, it greatly improved while he was the guest of Dr. Jameson; and as for the Kaiser's, all sinister rumours notwithstanding, it is of the sturdiest and best. His Majesty's little birthday treat to himself was to send

MANY heard of the serious illness of Lord Burton with the greatest regret, for none is more popular amongst his peers than the erstwhile "Michael Arthur Bass." His Lordship is at his town residence, Chesterfield House, a world in itself. Lord and Lady Burton have spared nothing in restoring to it the sumptuous character of which its first tenant was so proud. From cellar—well filled even in the days of Lord Chesterfield, who said that his evenings were spent with quartos rather than quarts—to ceiling, it has been restored, and the gilding and carving "à la Française" carefully tended. Pillars and staircase and hall-floor have a longer history than most of the house, for they were carried bodily to Mayfair from the Duke of Chandos's house at Canons when that property was broken up. It was not, as is

Mr. Sargent, R.A., the insignia of the German Order of Merit.

No Mistlers Need Apply.

Mr. Astor, the proprietor of the *Poll Mall Gazette*, is not what the late Henry Harland wittily called "a practising American." He is a reversion, and makes a very good type of Englishman. His connection, Mr. Van Alen, makes, on the other hand, the most of two worlds, the Old and the New. He spends part of his time in America, part of it on the Continent of Europe, and part of it in England—at Rushton Hall, Kettering, where he has lately been entertaining some very successful shooting-parties. Mr. Van Alen is said to like an undisputed rule—he does not care to have people about him to share his title of "Mister." It is a Duke



A FRIEND OF QUEEN MAUDE:
MRS. MAX MÜLLER.

Our Diplomatic Corps is often recruited from members of those distinguished families who owe not a little to their foreign blood. To take a prominent instance, Lord Fitzmaurice and Lord Lansdowne have both French and Russian blood in their veins, and Mr. Max Müller, now First Secretary of the British Legation in Christiania, is a son of that famous Oxonian savant who, if he began life as a German, ended it as a most loyal Englishman. Mrs. Max Müller is on terms of intimate friendship with Queen Maude.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

(of Manchester), or a Marquess (of Douro), or a Lord (Newborough), or a Baronet (John Lister Kaye or Bache Cunard) whom the zealous *Mistress* bids to Rushton.

The Language of the Lords.

Lord Burnham has been entertaining the King; and, of course, we all know that this is the social day of the Jew. Indeed, it is the Jew himself who is now and again a little amused at the triumphs of his race. The other day, for instance, I heard a youthful member of a Hebrew family whose name is a household word calmly suggest that the



THE QUEEN (THEN PRINCESS OF WALES) WITH
THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

difficulty with the House of Lords might eventually be got over by declaring Yiddish the language to be spoken in the Gilded Chamber!

"No Dogs Admitted."

Alas for the good resolutions of youth! Not that the little Marquess of Donegall's decision, before he is in his teens, to keep no dogs in maturity quite deserves the label "good," except in its intention. The little Lord, dressed out for a skating carnival for all the world like a live little Lord Fauntleroy, is reported to have announced his final and irrevocable determination to keep cats, and on that account to forego the dogs who would run after them. But grandmothers should be kinder than to suggest a childish prejudice against dogs, because dogs receive more attention than little boys—even than little Marquess boys.

Benefited by Wills.

Tobacco which certainly has not ended in smoke is that which enriches the firm of Wills, and by them is expended upon works of public utility. Mr. H. O. Wills lately gave £100,000 to the Bristol University; and now his son, Mr. G. A. Wills, has bought a large tract of the lovely Leigh Woods as a present to the public. Strange to say, the announcement of his benefaction was made in the very same paper as that which reported the curses on tobacco pronounced by Mrs. Carrie Nation.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES WITH PRINCE GEORGE.

ROYAL PICKABACKS: PHOTOGRAPHIC POSES
THAT SEEM HEREDITARY IN OUR ROYAL
FAMILY.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey.

RUDYARD HIMSEL'; AND WATER ON THE BRAIN AS A CURE.
(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")

Mr Kipling.



SOUPING HER UP: MR. RUDYARD KIPLING CURLING AT ENGELBERG.

Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Kipling, and their daughter are busy amusing themselves at Engelberg. Mrs. Kipling and Miss Kipling indulge chiefly in tobogganing and skiing. Mr. Kipling himself prefers "the roaring game," and his interest in curling is such that he is rapidly becoming one of the local team's best players. His shouts to "soup her up" are described as as loud and as earnest as those of any Scot.



A REAL WATER CURE: A BABY WITH THE TOP OF ITS HEAD UNDER A STREAM.

Amongst certain of the tribes of the Himalayas there is a remarkable custom. The babies are placed on a bed of stones and leaves, covered with a blanket, in such a position that a small stream of water, either from a spring or a mountain-torrent, plays on the back of the head. This is done from March until the end of November, and the water is often icy-cold. The natives say that the plan makes the children strong, and it is looked upon as a cure for many maladies. The children are kept in position under the water for hours at a time, often while they are sleeping; and one woman will mind several children.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Honour)

"OUR MISS GIBBS"—"THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE"—"TILDA'S NEW HAT"—"THE DRAMATIST AT HOME"—"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME."

IT is generally considered that there is nothing cryptic about the authorship of "Our Miss Gibbs," but that Mr. George Edwardes has at last realised the truth of the maxim in which many years ago "our Mr. Briggs," of *Punch*, believed—namely, if you want a thing done, do it yourself; and certainly he has made quite as good a book as some of the professional dramatists who have earned thousands in fees from him. The success seems indisputable; indeed, it is quite a blessing that there is a wide strip of pavement round the new Gaiety, so that the queue will not be an intolerable nuisance. There is one really noticeable piece of acting in the play—that of Mr. O. B. Clarence, who represents the Earl delighted by the idea of his son marrying a shop-girl. I gave up counting the encores on the first night: by a freak it happened that the one that was barely genuine was as necessary as the *bis* in a pantomime topical song, for without it we should have only had half of the chorus of young ladies and gentlemen and bath-chairs, which in the end had a prodigious success.

The house was delighted by the singing, dancing, and acting of Miss Gertie Millar; by the indefatigable drolleries of Mr. Edmund Payne as her cousin Timothy—their really funny song about a little farm was the most amusing thing in the piece, Mr. George Grossmith junior did full justice to himself, and his principal song, with a chorus introducing what I imagine is the football cry of some very Far West American college, will soon become popular enough to be a nuisance. After Mr. Clarence, the cleverest person seemed to me to be Miss Jean Aylwin, whose Scotch and French accent and suggestion of character are very good. There is Miss Denise Orme, whose singing pleased the audience; but her stage speaking-voice seems to require some reconsideration. The splendour of scenic effects I do not pretend to describe—they are beyond the words of the stoutest penny-a-liner. The music bears the guarantee of Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton—need I say more?

When a critic who had gushed about the wit and humour of "Our Miss Gibbs" told me that "The Admirable Bashville" was dull and stupid, I felt dispirited. The new, or half-new, "G. B. S." is by no means up to standard; but oh, to think that such an opinion should have been expressed by a responsible person! No doubt, it is a little rash to revive this kind of impromptu—the stage is too exacting to lend itself to what seems like the repetition of an improvisation; but the burlesque has many funny features, and I heard abundance of laughter, though I was assured by one confrère that there was none at all. Perhaps he was vexed because there was some waste of force. Certainly such a brilliant company might have been more usefully employed than in exhibiting the humours of a burlesque version of an old novel. I place on record the fact

that Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Rosina Filippi, and Messrs. Ben Webster, Henry Ainley, and James Hearn acted admirably in the amusing, impudent piece.

"Tilda's New Hat," the second item in the programme of the Afternoon Theatre, has more solid claims than Mr. Shaw's burlesque to the brave term "masterpiece." Packed into half an hour is a finely humorous picture of a good-natured factory-girl, of her grim but affectionate mother, of her suitor, overbalanced in mind by excess of education, and the simple little fool of a friend rendered happy by Tilda's sacrifice. Miss "George Paston" has written it all vividly, and it acts and was acted admirably. One cannot assign superiority to any of the quartet composed of Miss Florence Lloyd, Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Fairbrother, and Mr. Norman Page. Who can be better than perfection?

Mr. Keble Howard's little play, "The Dramatist at Home," is a capital specimen of the lighter form of comedietta, and serves excellently to introduce the grimly powerful "Olive Latimer's Husband," at the Vaudeville. Perhaps the idea of a dramatist trying a scene of his play on the dog—or, rather, on his wife—is not altogether novel. It is, however, treated with ingenuity and some freshness, and therefore amused everybody. The character of the wife was charmingly rendered by Mrs. Leslie Faber, who was well supported by her husband.

"An Englishman's Home" has created a considerable flutter in theatredom. At the moment I write, the identity of the author, "A Patriot," has not been disclosed, and I can hardly believe the statement that Mr. Barrie has prepared the piece for the stage. What it seems to need is revision by a strong writer of experience, who will cut out much of

the cackle and comicalities, and finish the play without the idiotic entry of the British Army. The nameless author has shown remarkable instinct for the stage, as well as a strong satirical vein. Apart from the fact that the play may render some service to the country, it certainly is valuable as introducing a new real dramatist. The public who love thrills will be delighted by the quite vividly realistic explosions of shells and the startling death of young Geoffrey, in whom, as represented superbly by Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, we have one of the cleverest pictures of the British bouncer that I have ever seen. There are several other characters, quite finely drawn—old Brown, for instance, excellently acted by Mr. Charles Rock: the old John Bull, so wrathful at the destruction of his home that he fought the whole foreign army for a few minutes single-handed; then was shot in cold blood because, being a civilian, he had no right to fight. The studies of the girls, too, were excellent, and finely rendered by Miss Inescort, Miss Harrison, and Miss Silver, the first-named acting with much power and sincerity.



"SAMSON," AT THE GARRICK: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, WHO IS PLAYING ANNE MARIE BRACHARD, WITH HER DAUGHTER.

The English version of M. Henri Bernstein's "Samson" is due for production at the Garrick to-night (Wednesday). It is in four acts—the first at the D'Audelines', the second and fourth at the Brachards', and the third at the Hotel Ritz.—(Photograph by Lallie Charles.)

STELLA INDEED: THE NEW "STAR" AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



MISS STELLA CAMPBELL, WHO IS TO BE THE PRINCESS FLAVIA OF "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

WHEN MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER REVIVES MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S PLAY.

Miss Stella Campbell, at present playing Molly in "Pinkle and the Fairies," is to be the new Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which Mr. Alexander is to revive on the 18th. Miss Evelyn Millard created the part. Miss Campbell is the daughter of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1907, when she was seen in "Abdullah's Garden." Since then she has accompanied her mother on an American tour, and has played in "The Thunderbolt," at the St. James's

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

His Excellency's Hospitality.

The first Drawing Room of the season at Dublin Castle to-day will doubtless be very successful; but the Viceroy must not hope to achieve new records. One remains for all time, to the credit of a predecessor of Lord Aberdeen who shall be nameless. To him belongs the distinction of setting up a standard of generous entertainment which his successors have ceased to challenge. It referred, not to drawing-rooms and receptions, but to the dinners. As to these, his contemporaries averred that he was the most hospitable Viceroy the Castle had ever known. For while others invited their guests to dine only, he asked them to dine *and sleep*—himself doing the post-prandial sleeping at the table. If this estimable man were truly hospitable in this manner, it cannot be said that his coadjutors were, for one of them, instead of nodding at table, kept his eyes so closely upon the guests that he detected an elderly spinster slipping the wing of a capon into her handkerchief; and forthwith took her some slices of ham to keep it company.

The Real Thing. What joy we find in hard work and danger when we call it sport. In one column of a daily paper we find an enthusiastic paean over the fascinations of the snowy steeps to which tourists are hieing; and in the next we find the latest cable bringing up to date the list of fatalities on those steeps. The real thing affords as much excitement, but, coming in the day's march, we do not call it pleasure. From articles on skiing and tobogganing, and from the *Times* exultation over the charm of charging snowdrifts in a motor-car, turn for a moment to Fred Burnaby's sleighing in the frozen ways towards Khiva. The objects of interest to the man in the sleigh are the horses and the Russian who drives them. Thus the latter, whip in hand, addresses his coursers: "Oh, sons of animals!" (whack goes the whip). "Oh, spoiled one!" (whack) to a horse which is a stranger to corn. "Oh, woolly ones," (whack, whack). "Oh, Lord God!"—this as the sleigh goes over in a ten-foot snowdrift, from which the driver crawls, to tell his fare that "we are four versts from the next village, one of noble birth." The fun begins when you try to get to the other end of the versts. Each verst is two-thirds of a mile on the map, but in the mouth of an apologetic Russian it serves to describe a distance of half-a-dozen miles.

The Well of Sedition.

We have all been marvelling that the two Russian desperadoes who the other day ran amok at Tottenham should so long have remained unsuspected. The fact appears less wonderful when we re-read the pages of "Stepniak." The men who could for four years run a seditious paper in the very heart of St. Petersburg, and, in spite of thousands of secret police, bring out the paper every week, should find life simple in free England. Stepniak ridiculed English writings upon Nihilism, but the story of this printing-press was as extraordinary as anything told

in any novel. Except for one intermediary, no one, not even the editors or contributors, knew where the paper was printed. The paper was turned off by the tiniest of presses, which could be taken to pieces and put in a clothes-chest in a quarter of an hour. It was established in a lodging-house owned by a man who knew nothing of its existence, and care was taken to make the *dvornik* periodically inspect all the rooms—when the press was out of the way.

The Staff.

The press was founded by a man who came to England to learn printing. The staff consisted of four people. The most important was the son of a Russian General, nephew of a Senator and an official of the Ministry. He collected the "copy" in his official portfolio and took out the proofs. The mistress of the house was first compositor. She had been sentenced to death, but had escaped. For sixteen years she hid and defied the law. She was half blind with her printing and seclusion. The second compositor was a man whose name nobody knew. They called him "Ptiza"—the bird. He was consumptive, and knew that he was dying for lack of fresh air. But he stayed day after day and month after month in the house, and never saw daylight in the open. The third printer was a beautiful young girl. These four ran the paper for as many years. At last came discovery, and the police and the military. There was a siege before admittance was gained. The elder woman was arrested at her press; the consumptive died by his own hand. What happened to the General's son and to the beautiful fanatic Stepniak forgot to say.

Unstoried Figures. Somebody ought to write a book on the men who, never heard of before, set the whole world talking for an hour, then go out as suddenly as they emerged. Here we have a police-constable of Bradford setting the law in motion in regard to the driving of motor-cars past trams, and the result is the completest chaos that the motorist has known since Parliament first gave him the right to use the road. That constable is a tremendous fellow today, though not a man of us who drives a car can bless him; and we shall want a whole Act of Parliament to undo the mischief that results from his enforcing what is undoubtedly the law. He has slung into the motoring camp a bomb as startling as that which issued from the hand of famous Mr. Cockerton in the education world. Nobody, beyond his circle of personal friends, and the sphere into which his professional calling takes him, knows Mr. Cockerton; yet his name is as well known as that of Gladstone or Miss Charlesworth. We ought to have a volume on the Cockertons, the Kenyon-Slaneyns, the Cowper-Temples, the Bradford constables, Boy Jones, who made himself master of Buckingham Palace; and delightful Peter Abbott, the imp who, as his crude characters record unto this day, slept the night in the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey.



FOR CANINE CALLERS: A DOG'S VISITING-CARD—
THE LATEST CRAZE IN PARIS.



THE DESIGN FOR THE WINDOW WHICH IS TO BE PRESENTED TO AMERICA BY LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

Lord Northcliffe is giving to the American people a memorial window for Plymouth Church. Before he left New York, his Lordship chose this design, which bears the title "Roger Williams and Personal Liberty." Roger Williams, accompanied by four others, is shown immediately after his landing on the bank of the Mooshauc River, before the beginning of the settlement to which he gave the name of Providence in June 1636.

Copyright Photograph by J. E. R. Lamb, New York.

THE DREE O' THE WIRED!



THE CHAUFFEUR: Keep still, Sir! Help's coming, and I've wired for the other car. Shall I go and wire the Missus?
 HIS MASTER (*whose fear is strong enough to bring belief that he is suffering from a series of electric shocks*): Do anything
 (jerk) you like, but (jig-jig-jerk) no more wires, you thundering fool!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



TO be placed in a position when the audience may make ribald remarks which evoke loud laughter, to the ruin of a serious situation, is always a disconcerting experience for the actor. Under such circumstances it is almost invariably impossible for him to do anything to stop the laughter, and he must keep silent and avoid showing the chagrin he naturally feels at the destruction of the effect he had probably been working very hard to produce. Such an incident once happened to Mr. Lempriere Pringle, who is playing Squire Bantam in the successful revival of "Dorothy," at the Waldorf, where the Lord Mayor attended a special matinee of the opera last Tuesday in aid of the unfortunate sufferers by the terrible earthquake in Sicily. Some years ago Mr. Pringle was a member of an operatic company in Australia. In "Faust" he naturally played Mephistopheles. At the end of the opera, when Mephistopheles conducts Faust to the infernal regions, everyone will remember they descend on a trap, and through the opening red fires glow. On the occasion in question, the trap had no sooner started than one of the corner ropes, by means of which it was worked, broke. The Faust managed to hang on to the trap, and saved himself from a serious accident in that manner. Mr. Pringle, less fortunate, only managed to throw out his arms and fix his elbows on each side of the opening left by the trap. So he hung, with the prospect of a drop of between twenty and thirty feet into the cellar of the theatre if he relinquished his hold. At that moment, a wag in the gallery, noticing that he was half out of the hole, cried, "Hurrah, hell's full!" A roar of laughter followed the remark. Mr. Pringle was probably the only one in the theatre who was serious. Eventually, he was rescued from his precarious position, but by the time he got to his dressing-room, several of his friends who had been present at the performance had already sent cards asking if the man in the gallery had told the truth. The fact that the joke was an old one, and had been used in "The Sorcerer," in no way reconciled Mr. Pringle to its unrehearsed introduction into "Faust."

The recognition of "Peter Pan" as a hardy annual is as widespread in the theatrical world as it is among the general public. In

mysteries through this club is Miss Nellie Bowman, who plays Nibs at the Duke of York's. Very shortly after she had been elected into the club, in which the actresses are favourably handicapped when they play, Mr. Barrie sent a set of golf-clubs to each of the ladies, who were naturally exceedingly proud of their present. A little while after that the company were acting in Scotland, and Miss Bowman went off to a golf-course to practise. She was, naturally, accompanied by a Scotch caddie, and after she had missed a certain number of shots she made what she considered quite a respectable one. This gave her confidence, and she turned to the caddie and said—"I suppose you occasionally come across as bad a player as myself on these links?" The caddie, a dour youth, vouchsafed no reply, and apparently took no notice of the remark. After another spell of ineffective play Miss Bowman made another respectable shot. She therefore decided to have another "go" at the caddie, so she said again—"I suppose—of course—you do see as bad a player as myself occasionally?" The youth looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said slowly—"Ay, I heard your first remark, and I am just thinking."

One of the difficulties which the touring manager has often to face is the getting of a sufficient number of people to represent the merry village maids and men, the angry mob, the soldiers of the king—in short, the motley array of humanity which is generically termed "the supers." When he was playing in "Henry V." at a special matinee at Brighton some little time ago, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, whose photograph with Miss Darragh was reproduced in *The Sketch* a few weeks ago in "Antony and Cleopatra," at Manchester, was "up against" this problem. It wanted only an hour and a half for the beginning of the performance when he was told that there was not a single man to represent Henry's army, to which he had to address the stirring speech before Harfleur. Mr. Robertshaw bade his emissaries go forth and search the highways and byways of Brighton for those who, for a consideration, would represent the King's men. Half an hour before the curtain went up, the welcome tidings were brought that fifteen men had been discovered to represent the might of England. If not enough, they would serve, as Mercutio remarked on another occasion. Mr. Robertshaw did not meet his army until he went on to the stage to urge them "once more unto the breach." Then he saw them. Such an array! They were the halt, lame, and maimed, to say nothing of the hump-backed; and, if not the blind, one of them at least had two terribly divergent eyes. They were more like Falstaff's ragged army than anything else in the world, and they had only one characteristic in common—their supreme qualification for being representatives of the city of Cologne. Even to this day Mr. Robertshaw wonders how he kept a serious face as he looked on the motley collection of men, who revenged themselves for their single appearance on the stage by putting on their street clothes over their tights, and thus acquiring half a set of underclothes in addition to their salaries.



MR. KEBLE HOWARD'S NEW PLAY AT THE VAUDEVILLE: MRS. LESLIE FABER AS MARGERY AND MR. LESLIE FABER AS RALPH IN "THE DRAMATIST AT HOME."

Mr. Keble Howard's one-act comedy, "The Dramatist at Home," was produced successfully the other day at the Vaudeville. It precedes "Olive Latimer's Husband." It will be remembered that Mr. Keble Howard, whose work is so well known to "Sketch" readers, is also the author of the sketch "Charles, his Friend," in which Mr. Courtice Pounds has been making such a "hit" in the halls.

addition to the other things which have been called after him, there is a Peter Pan Golf Club, which has been instrumental in introducing several actors to the game, which grows in popularity from year to year. Among those who have been initiated into its



THE AUTHOR OF "SAMSON": M. HENRI BERNSTEIN.

It is arranged that Mr. Arthur Bouchier shall produce an English version of M. Henri Bernstein's play, "Samson," at the Garrick this (Wednesday) evening, with Miss Violet Vanbrugh and himself in the chief parts. M. Bernstein is one of the best known of the ultra-modern French dramatists. He has been represented here already by "The Thief," a translation of his play "Le Voleur."—[Photograph by Tresca.]

TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN—BY COOKS.



MRS. EAGLE (to MR. EAGLE): Yes; I must say there is one advantage in living in Norway—you can have a bit of *hot* supper now and again.

(The first of Mr. W. Heath Robinson's second series of "British Industries" drawings, a further instalment of a set of drawings that has aroused much comment, will begin in "The Sketch" shortly.)

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I HAVE another good novel for you, if you have not heard of it already. It is "Amabel Channice," by Miss Sedgwick (Arnold). A good novel, most certainly, but you must not get it in the expectation of reading another "Valerie Upton." It is indeed a study of a woman not altogether remote or dissimilar in feeling from the study of Valerie herself, but, then, to me at any rate—that is to say, to any discerning critic—the great figure in the former book was not Valerie, but her daughter, Imogen. Imogen will live—as long as any discerning critics live, which I don't say will be long—as one of the really distinctive women in our fiction. I doubt if there is anywhere such a wonderful diagnosis and presentment of a female prig and egoist. I remember writing somewhere that it was a sketch fit to hang by the full-length portrait of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and I stick to my opinion: it was not the enthusiasm of the moment. Imogen is delicious comedy, and I chuckle again remembering her.

Well, there is no such comedy in "Amabel Channice." It is altogether a more sombre book. It is essentially a tragedy, or only not one in the technical sense because in the end the central figure of it does find consolation. It is the story of a saint who for one brief period in her life had been a sinner; but she was a sinner only by the rough-and-ready rules of society, and a saint in a fuller sense. It is the story, beautifully written, of a beautiful soul. I ought not, perhaps, to have compared it with "Valerie Upton"; it is so different in scope and method. I was induced to do so by my interest in the work of the author, who has gone far, and will go farther, as a close and subtle observer of our life. This book is a far more concentrated achievement, and, being so, gains in artistic finish; it seems to me almost flawless except for one objection I take on the score of probability—that a doubt of Amabel's idol must have reached her before it did. The style is, if anything, easier; it reminds one less of Mr. Henry James—is more individual. For all that, "Valerie Upton" was a more valuable achievement, because fine comedy is a rarer thing than a close study of emotion; and I exhort Miss Sedgwick to give us another comedy in her next book. By the way, if this novel were a play, Amabel would be a fine part for Duse. I cannot think of an actress on our stage temperamentally fitted to it, unless it be Miss Marion Terry. I hope, though, that Miss Sedgwick will not allow any hack dramatist, in search of a "plot" and inspired by this paragraph, to maul it about with his clumsy hands. It might be made into a play by an artist, but an artist is not likely to take for his material so finished a thing as a contemporary novel—unless, indeed, it were Miss Sedgwick herself. She might do worse than think of the idea, for the story has poignant drama in it. It might not be a commercial success, however.

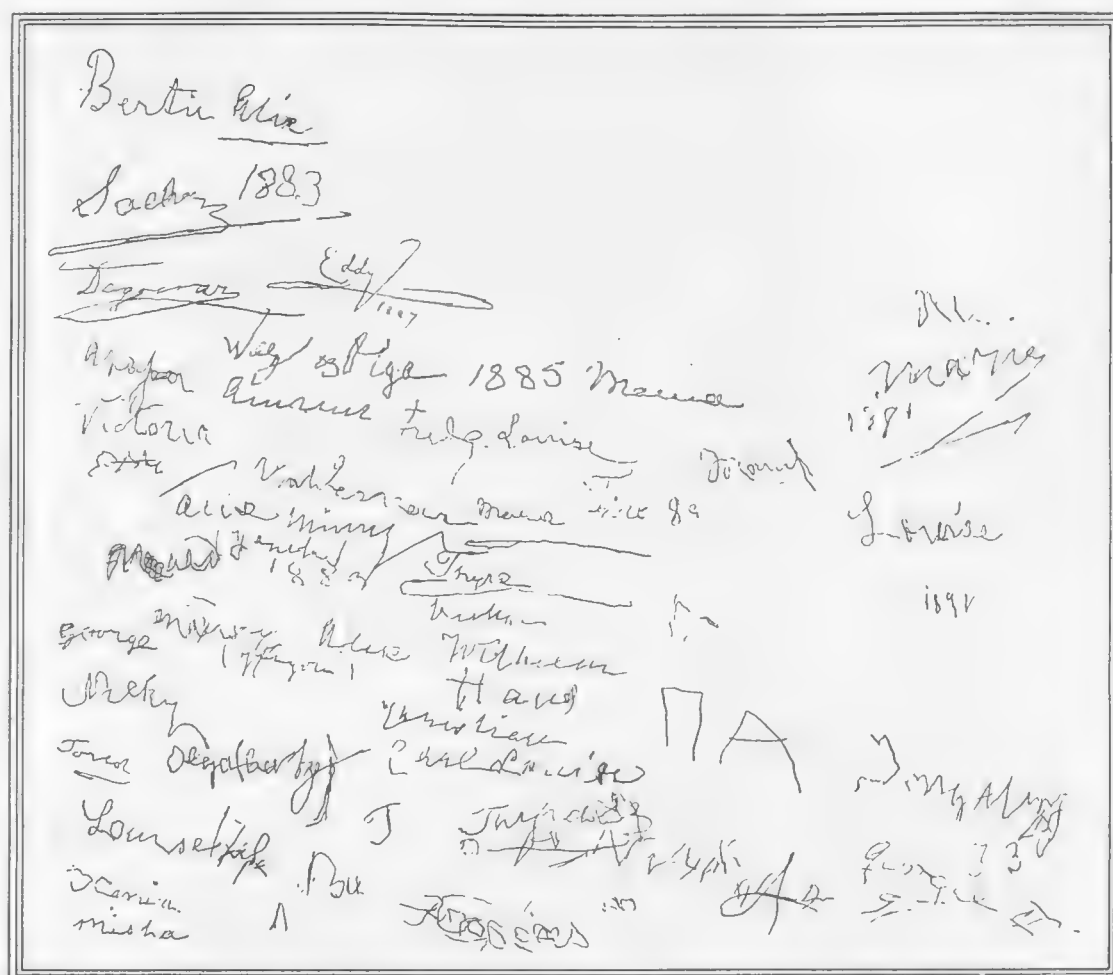
Links with the past are a fascinating subject, and I am not surprised that writers of obituary notices of the late Lord Leicester have indulged in various arithmetical performances suggested by the facts that he did not die till he was nearly ninety, and was born when his father, the famous "Coke of Norfolk," was over seventy. They have not, however, so far as I have seen, mentioned what I think is the most curious fact of all, which you may find in the Life of Coke, written by his descendant, Mrs. Stirling, some little while back. Coke in his youth was the lover, or at least the emphatic admirer, of the wife of Charles Edward, inaccurately known in our Whig-written histories as the Young Pretender. That must indeed have been an odd reflection for Lord Leicester, that his own father had a regard for the wife of the man who had shaken the throne of George II. The lady had a portrait painted of Coke (who was making the grand tour customary with wealthy young Englishmen), the portrait of a strikingly handsome young man. *Tempus muscæ*, as the boy said.

While I am on the subject, I may as well mention that Charles Fox had two aunts who died at a distance of a hundred and seventy years between them. Old Stephen Fox had married as a young man, and had a daughter who died in infancy; by a later marriage he begot the first Lord Holland, Charles's father, when he was an old man. Charles's mother's sister, Lady Sarah Lennox, did not die till she was eighty; hence the hundred and seventy years. There was an old gentleman alive not so very long ago, whose grandfather had seen Charles II.

It sounds impossible; but you will find it all right if you work it out. A was ten years old, say, in 1670. In 1730, at the age of seventy, he became the father of B, who, also at the age of seventy, became, in 1810, the father of the old gentleman who was alive in the 'eighties of the last century, when I was a boy. Somebody ought to write a book, or at least a good long essay for the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*, collecting all these cases. Was not somebody alive at an apparently incredibly late period whose grandmother had danced with Richard III.?

But, of course, these curious cases will not impress you if you don't know any history, and have no idea when the kings and people flourished. Possibly you don't, for I remember hearing of a boy high up in one of our public schools who had never heard of the Battle of Waterloo, or some equally obscure event. He said history was not one of "his subjects." As a child, one was taught a stupid mass of names—lists of the Kings of Israel and the like—and needlessly precise dates, which, of course, one forgot. But Walter Scott and—in his degree—Harrison Ainsworth remedied our ignorance. I hope that is still the case.

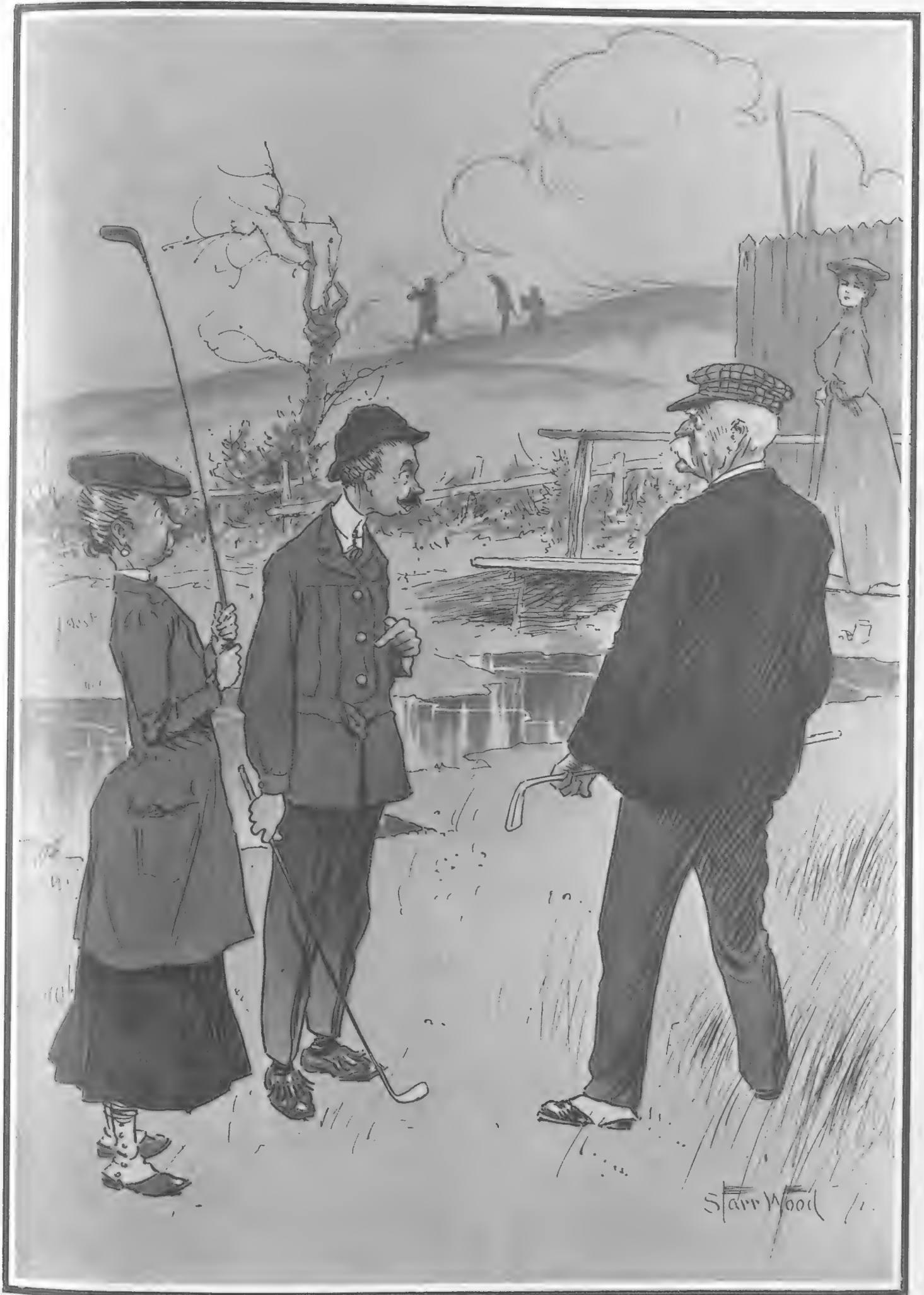
N. O. I.



ROYAL SIGNATURES NO GOVERNMENT WOULD HONOUR; AUTOGRAPHS OF ROYALTIES
SCRATCHED ON A RAILWAY-CARRIAGE WINDOW-PANE.

We reproduce, in reduced form, a tracing of the window-pane that was once in the Danish State Railways Royal Saloon, and is now carefully treasured. It will be noted that it bears the signatures of many royalties—all of them scratched on the glass with a diamond ring or scarf-pin by the royalties themselves. Amongst the names may be seen "Bertie" (the King) and "Alix" (the Queen).

GIVE AND TAKE.



THE COLONEL: Confound it, Sir; you nearly hit my wife!
JAGSON: Did I? Well, you have a shot at mine.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THREE TOP-HATS.

By STEPHEN GRACE.

THIS is the story of the Three Top-Hats as it is related in the ward-rooms of his Majesty's ships and vessels. I am quite aware that it has also been related in the mess of the Royal Marines, but it does not necessarily follow that the story is pure fiction. In all probability, it has more truth in it than most yarns which are spun by our first line of defence.

Top-hats will not be found in the fixture-list of any ship, and they certainly are not classed as a consumable article. It does not appear probable that they would add to the fighting efficiency of our men-of-war, and yet, on one occasion at least, three specimens of this much-abused head-dress went a long way towards averting grave international complications—ay, more, added a slice of territory to the British Empire.

Jack Bellingham is, or I should say was, one of those Naval officers who is known to everybody in the Service and to a great many people on shore. At the time when this particular incident occurred, he was a Senior Lieutenant in command of the gun-boat *Alligator*, on the West Coast of Africa and Cape of Good Hope Station—a big, red-faced, boisterous man, who had many friends and also many enemies. When his temper was roused, it was of the vilest description, but otherwise he was good-natured, jovial, and in the thick of any fun that was going on. Jack was fond of the good things of this life, and did himself pretty well on all occasions; he was not endowed with any inordinate respect for superior authority; his actions and sayings were at times somewhat original. These traits in his character did not popularise him with the powers that be. However, there was no question as to his capacity as an officer; fear was a thing unknown to him, and he never hesitated in coming to a decision, even if it was not always the most tactful one.

Several years ago a West African potentate, by name Lokomoko, King of Osolumpe, suddenly instituted an obstructionist policy towards certain of his Britannic Majesty's subjects who were endeavouring to lay the foundations of Osolumpe's commercial prosperity by exchanging antiquated firearms and poisonous gin for ivory, rubber, and other marketable produce of Lokomoko's dominions. In doing this the King incurred the severe displeasure of the Colonial Office, and, through that department, the severe displeasure of his Britannic Majesty's Government. Orders were accordingly conveyed to the Commander-in-Chief of the Cape Station to use his utmost endeavours, by gentle persuasion or otherwise, to bring the recalcitrant monarch to see the error of his ways.

Thus it came about that one fine morning the *Alligator*, then lying at Sierra Leone, received orders to proceed with the utmost despatch to Bumpupo, the capital of Osolumpe, and convey the above-mentioned severe displeasure to his dusky Majesty King Lokomoko.

Bumpupo was situated at the head of a creek which had not previously been visited by a British man-of-war, for Osolumpe was not actually within our recognised sphere of influence. The Navigator was somewhat nervous, and Jack Bellingham's idea of taking the ship up to the anchorage at full speed, in order to produce an impression, worried him considerably; indeed, some very personal remarks passed between them. However, the water was deep right up to the beach in front of the collection of huts which constituted the city of Bumpupo, and the *Alligator* was moored without mishap. A salute was fired, causing a panic amongst Lokomoko's subjects; and then the officers went down to dinner, it being too late for visits of ceremony.

After dinner the Captain entered the ward-room with a troubled look on his face and a preoccupied air.

"I say, you fellows," he began, "what the deuce am I to do about this old josser of a King?"

"I have given orders for the landing-party to be ready at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, Sir," murmured the First Lieutenant, whose ambitions soared in the direction of gunnery.

"Then you can countermand them at once!" snapped his superior, who was evidently not in the best of humours. "My instructions are to use force only as a last resort."

"Why not take the Gunner's Mate ashore and work a bit of ju-ju business?" ventured the Navigator.

"A solo on the cornet by my Sick-Berth Attendant will have the desired effect, I should imagine," chimed in the Doctor.

"I have already told you that I must not use force," said the Captain. "Peaceful persuasion is the order of the day."

"Peaceful persuasion? That means presents!" cried the Navigator.

"Exactly!" broke in Bellingham. "That's just it! What the deuce shall I give his Royal Highness? A case of whisky?"

"No fear, Sir. We have only three cases left!" shrieked the Doctor, who happened to be wine-caterer.

"Then that is quite out of the question," said Bellingham quickly. "How about a regal robe of painted canvas?"

"I want all the spare canvas for deck clothes, Sir," announced the First Lieutenant, with almost disrespectful promptness. "Besides, there is no time to make it, and the paint would not be dry."

"I never came across such a set of duffers. Can't any of you think of anything?" the Captain muttered irritably.

"Well, Sir," put in the Engineer. "I have got an old top-hat down below, if that is any use. I believe these niggers are rather partial to top-hats."

"Just the thing," cried Bellingham, banging the table. "You have lifted a great weight from my mind and made my promotion a certainty."

Then he rang the bell and ordered a whisky-and-soda. The Engineer having brought up the hat, the Captain retired with it to his cabin, and sent for John Sardinetin, the head Krooman.

In less than a quarter of an hour Bellingham was back in the ward-room, looking more worried than ever.

"One top-hat is worse than no top-hat at all," he murmured disconsolately.

"How's that, Sir?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, John Sardinetin informs me that it is no use giving a present to the King unless it is accompanied by one for the Prime Minister and one for the Secretary," the Captain answered.

"I say, Sir," cried the Navigator suddenly, "don't you remember the last funny party we had?"

"Well?"

"The lamp-trimmer sported a dilapidated tile. It must be in the ship somewhere."

"I believe the Gunner has got a topper, too, Sir," added the First Lieutenant. "At least, he was seen in Cape Town wearing one the last time we were down South."

"That's all right, then!" said the Captain with evident relief. "Have them sent to my cabin, and, while you are about it, you might send the messenger for the Painter."

Then he again sought the solitude of the after-cabin, where he was shortly afterwards joined by the Carpenter's Mate, who did duty as Painter.

How long the mysterious séance lasted the other officers neither knew nor cared, for they turned in; but after breakfast next morning Bellingham sent for the First Lieutenant. "What do you think of that?" he cried, as his subordinate entered.

On the table, in a line, stood the three top hats, and the First Lieutenant recognised at once that the Carpenter's Mate had not been idle. The first was embellished with a Rear-Admiral's stripes in gold leaf, with the legend "BALD" above them in gold letters; the second was decorated with a Post-Captain's stripes and labelled "BALDER" in the same manner; the third had a Secretary's stripes and on it the word "BALDEST." The First Lieutenant immediately grasped the situation. "Bald," "Balder," and "Baldest" were the nicknames of the Admiral, the Flag-Captain, and the Secretary respectively, given partly because of the lack of hair on the top of their heads, and partly because of their extreme sensitiveness on the point. Bellingham, bearing in mind a little rebuff he had received when last in company with the flagship, had conceived this means of getting a bit of his own back.

"Good idea, eh?" queried the Captain.

"Yes," replied the First Lieutenant with a smile, "but a bit risky, isn't it, Sir?"

"Poof!" cried Bellingham, "Old Baldy will never show his face in this fever-stricken hole. Now call the gig away. I am going ashore to fix up Lokomoko."

[Continued overleaf.]

A DRAMA IN PANTOMIME !



THE CALL-BOY'S REVENGE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.

"But, Sir," murmured the other, "if you will pardon my density, I should like to ask a question. If the Admiral never sees or hears about these presents, where does the jest come in?"

"We must take good care that he does hear about it, my boy," replied Bellingham; "I am going to take my camera ashore, and we will make some picture postcards. Now get the boat alongside, please; I want to get this business over as soon as possible."

A few minutes later the Captain went over the side into the gig and was pulled ashore. There was no sign of life on the beach or in Bumpupo, but the Head Krooman knew that many curious eyes were watching them from the fringe of dense undergrowth. John Sardinetin thought no small beer of himself and very small beer of the inhabitants of Osolumpe; nevertheless, he glanced about him nervously, for the nature of their reception was a somewhat doubtful quantity.

It was an imposing procession which the Captain of the *Alligator* led across the beach towards Bumpupo. In front of Bellingham strode a portly Leading Signalmen, carrying a pike to which was fastened a boat's ensign; behind marched his marine servant, fully armed. Then came three of the gig's crew, bearing the three top-hats resting on three cushions of Union Jack pattern, the said cushions being part of the embellishment of the *Alligator's* after-cabin. John Sardinetin brought up the rear.

The gorgeous specimens of headgear were no doubt espied from Lokomoko's palace, for the inhabitants emerged from their hiding-places. Lokomoko himself appeared, advanced towards his visitor, and led the way to the palaver place. In less than a quarter of an hour Jack Bellingham's presents did what days of talking could not have done. The King, his Prime Minister, and his Secretary put on their tiles amid shrieks of delight from all the men, women, and children of Osolumpe. Under cover of the enthusiasm Bellingham took a snapshot. Then the Accredited Representative of his Britannic Majesty firmly planted the boat's ensign before the door of the Palace, Bellingham's servant presented arms, the gig's crew gave three cheers for his Majesty the King, and Osolumpe became an integral portion of the British Empire.

Not to be outdone in generosity, Lokomoko loaded up the gig with a magnificent collection of ivory tusks—needless to say, much to Jack Bellingham's satisfaction. The boat shoved off amidst a scene of wild excitement, and that same afternoon the *Alligator* sailed.

On the passage to Sierra Leone Bellingham wrote a detailed despatch of his proceedings, omitting only the little matter of the ivory tusks, and eventually he received the thanks of the Colonial Office.

Some months later a wave of consternation flashed through the flag-ship as she lay at Simonstown. The Commander-in-Chief had announced his intention of taking a trip up the West Coast. It was not the time of year when such an expedition was usually undertaken, and having only just returned

from a tour up the East Coast as far as Zanzibar, no one could understand why the Admiral wanted to go to sea again. As a matter of fact, not even the Admiral's coxswain had the least idea what had made him take this sudden resolution. It may have been owing to a certain post-card which caught his eye as it lay on one of the writing-tables in the Club. The reason, however, matters little; suffice it to say that the flag-ship sailed from Simonstown, and in due course anchored off Bumpupo. A gunboat—not the *Alligator*—had been sent on ahead to warn King Lokomoko of the Admiral's approach; consequently, as the anchor dropped, Lokomoko's canoe of state shot out from the beach.

The King of Osolumpe had great ideas as to the fitness of things. He naturally thought that the best way of showing his appreciation of the honour conferred upon him by this visit was to wear the present which had been given him by the former representative of the Great White Nation.

The Admiral made preparations to receive the King in state. A saluting-party stood at their guns, the guard and band were paraded on the quarter-deck, and the officers' call was sounded. The Admiral and his staff took their stand at the fore-side of the gangway in readiness to receive his Majesty. The state canoe came alongside, the guard presented arms, and the band played the Salute. The first thing to appear was an old top-hat embellished in gold-leaf with a Rear-Admiral's stripes, and the legend "Bald."

The officers gathered on the quarter-deck, with their hands at the salute, glanced furtively at one another; so did the guard and band. The blood left the Admiral's face; the Flag-Captain, standing a little in the rear, smiled faintly; the Secretary blew his nose.

The ship's company knew by intuition that something was going on, and crowded to the ship's side. Then the second hat appeared, with a Captain's stripes and "Balder."

One or two of the officers were seized with violent fits of coughing; the Marines of the guard, standing at the present, shook like trees in a high wind; the Admiral's face turned purple, his eyes blazing, his teeth clenched; the Flag-Captain took a step forward; the Secretary buried his face in his handkerchief.

The crisis, however, was at hand. When the third hat appeared, with a Secretary's stripes and "Baldest," the Guard dropped their rifles and rushed forward; the officers turned spluttering away, and crossed to the other side of the deck; the Admiral nearly had a fit.

"What is the meaning of this insult?" gasped the Commander-in-Chief, after a somewhat painful pause.

The Interpreter held a hurried consultation with King Lokomoko. "Him say Mister Captain Jack Alligator plenty fine juju man," announced the Interpreter at last.

Let us draw a veil over subsequent events, and conclude by saying that Jack Bellingham was not recommended for promotion.

THE END



A RINK IMPOSSIBILITY.

SHE: You look very miserable, Frank. What's the matter?

HE: I'm tired.

SHE: Well, why don't you sit down?

HE: I've been skating all day. I'm tired of sitting down.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE pathetic story of Sir Charles Wyndham's devotion to Coquelin in the great actor's closing hours brings back to mind a little-known fact—that Sir Charles Wyndham began life as a surgeon. His professional career opened at King's, and it was a rare fight that he had between his love of the art of the surgeon and of the actor. There must still be many men in America who remember him as an army surgeon in the great Civil War. He saw enough of the horrors of the life completely to extinguish his waning affection for the calling. Of those times, however, he recalls but little, choosing, when he speaks of them at all, to dwell upon the humours of the situation in which even a military doctor finds himself. When the Boers were by their acuteness playing havoc with our troops in South Africa, Sir Charles remembered that other people have proved the value of "slimness" in war. He himself had an experience of it. A division to which he was attached, marching towards a certain point, were told by the locals that they would have a walk-over. Accordingly, the officers ordered up their best uniforms and prepared for a well-earned picnic at their journey's end. But the enemy promptly ambushed them, and they had to flee, thankful to lose no more than their fine habiliments, and a choice collection of luxuries, which, of course, were very welcome to the starving other side.



TURKEY'S BOYCOTT OF THE AUSTRIAN-MADE RED FEZ: THE NEW HEAD-RESS FOR THE OTTOMAN ARMY—WITH FLAP UP. This new head-dress is to be worn by the Turkish soldiery instead of the red fez made by Austria.

The Triumph of the Leek. The election of Mr. Goscombe John to full membership of the Royal Academy has been an occasion of rejoicing to those who watch with interest the creation of works of art by contemporary masters. It is ten years since Mr. John was elected A.R.A., but his work was crowned in Paris two years after Burlington House first recognised him. As we all know, for a Briton to secure the gold medal of the Paris Salon is a tremendous achievement. The work which gained the acclamation of the Parisian connoisseurs was the noble statue of the late Duke of Devonshire which rests at Eastbourne. South Africa will rejoice over Mr. John's success, for the colossal statue of the King which adorns Cape Town is the work of this gifted Welshman. Welsh-born, he is a product, artistically speaking, of the R.A. schools, though a tour early in life through Greece and Italy, and beyond, finds happy reflection in his work. His father was a sculptural carver to the late Marquess of Bute, and it was fitting that one of the first important works of the

more gifted son should find a place in the home of his father's patron. That work is his fine "St. John," housed now in the Bute mansion at Regent's Park. Mr. John is a travelled man, an enthusiast, a true artist, and one of the best of good fellows.



A BOURBON PRINCESS, OR DAUGHTER OF A SILESIAN PEASANT? A REMARKABLE COMPARISON OF PROFILES—LOUIS XIV., LOUIS XVI., AND THE LADY WHO CLAIMED TO BE PRINCESS MARIE THERÈSE OF BOURBON.

The lady here shown, that her profile may be compared with those of Louis XIV. and Louis XVI., died recently at Delit. The Dutch Government recognised her, and gave her a pension. In 1810 a Silesian peasant, named Naudorff, came to Berlin, claiming that he was the son of Louis XVI. (who had been imprisoned). The supposed Princess Marie Thérèse of Bourbon was his daughter. The question as to whether she was the daughter of a mere peasant or of Louis XVII. remains unsettled.



OF THE LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE: MR. ALEXIS MORETON MANDEVILLE.

The London and Paris Exchange has lately been much in the eye of those interested in the Stock Exchange, and it was announced last week that a scheme had been formulated whereby its fortunes might be re-established. This takes the form of a company, entitled "Alexis Moreton Mandeville, Ltd."

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.

For a Beautiful London. If the addition of "R.A." adds as much importance to a man's name as those

who long for, but lack, them fondly imagine, the friends of the scheme for beautifying London must be feeling very well pleased with the election of Mr. John Belcher. London has no more sane and consistent friend than the gifted President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. If practice be better than precept, then Mr. Belcher may point to his own work as exemplifying the doctrines he holds. He would prefer, it is possible, that he should be known to posterity by his Institute of Chartered Accountants. That was completed nearly fifteen years ago, and since then numbers of magnificent buildings have been put up in London. But it challenges comparison with the best of new—

and old. It is the happiest expression of what the architect and sculptor together can do. A very



TURKEY'S BOYCOTT OF THE AUSTRIAN-MADE RED FEZ: THE NEW HEAD-RESS FOR THE OTTOMAN ARMY—WITH FLAP DOWN.

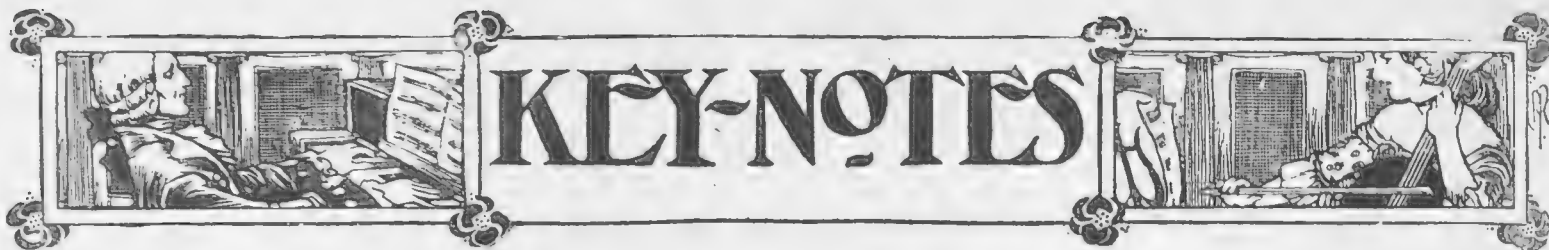
The affair is made of brown felt, and has a movable flap at the back and the front for the shading of the eyes and the neck.

nent authority said at the time: "We may go far and see much, but in few buildings of modern times—or, indeed, at any time—shall we find more useful lessons of the real meaning of architecture as an art" than in this building.

Mr. Belcher would like to see our First Commissioner of Works endued with greater powers or longer tenure of office. Failing that, he appeals for a standing committee of advisers to the Government, or a Minister of Fine Arts permanently holding office.

The Meaning of the Motto.

Lord Harris, who keeps his eight-and-fiftieth birthday this week, is one of the men of Kent in whom the county of hops and cricket is well pleased. Himself a rare cricketer and sportsman, he inherits something of the fiery nature of his forebears, who went out to India before him, and helped to give us our Empire there. The title came with the present peer's great-great-grandfather, who was just about as tough a fellow as the heroic days of old ever bred. He got a bullet through the head in one battle, and, having to be trephined, caused mirrors to be fixed all round the room, so that he could "enjoy" the sight of the operation as it progressed. Seringapatam brought the peerage—but not soon. He knew that he deserved it, but he had years to wait. The Prince Regent warmly espoused his cause, but the King forgot, or did not or could not care. And that is why the family motto was chosen, and to this day remains, "My Prince and my country."



WHEN London arrives at the point of finding a real English opera produced at Covent Garden after receiving all the care and attention associated with productions at our national Opera House, the average man takes his best superlatives to bear him company and goes in high spirits to the first performance. He is prepared to talk largely of a new era, a native art-form, an inherited tradition, and much else of the same kind. He squares his shoulders and says, without provocation, "Civis Britannicus sum," lest he should be mistaken for a mere melody-loving Italian or a problem-seeking German. It was with the necessary allowance of these proper feelings that we approached "The Angelus," only to return a little weary and a little depressed, with superlatives all uncalled for. As far as can be gathered from a single hearing and some careful attention to the score, Dr. Naylor's opera is neither good nor bad, neither illuminating nor wholly dull, neither ill written nor well written, neither strong nor weak. There are faults in plenty, associated with rare moments in which the hand of the clever musician may be recognised. But, to put the matter plainly, we have in "The Angelus" a work written by a man of talent who lacks the first instinct for the theatre, and we fear that there is no future for this opera. The music is allied to a striking story that is not told too effectively, and is not always fitted to the music. There are misplaced accents in plenty.

Without any knowledge of the circumstances under which "The Angelus" was written, we are inclined to believe that Dr. Naylor's undoubted knowledge of music, his capacity for writing the class of chorus that finds favour in cantata, led him to conclude that opera is merely music cast in a certain mould. With a distinct feeling for form and an unmistakable gift for neatly turned melodic writing, he has produced a work that might have been composed by any clever man who has never been inside an opera-house, and has less than a nodding acquaintance with the operatic traditions. Dr. Naylor is rather later than Gluck, but long before Wagner. "Mademoiselle de Maupin," "Wuthering Heights," and Charlotte Brontë's most famous work remind us that actual experience of life is not necessarily associated with books that live; but we have yet to find the opera that can come full-grown into being after this fashion. The interest that will be found in "The Angelus" is purely academic, and the work merely shows the studious application of wrong principles to an art-form with whose history the writer seems totally unacquainted. It may be that Dr. Naylor will try again, and with more success; but we fear that, if his work represents the highest point to which the modern British composer can rise, the supply of English opera is destined to exceed the demand for many years to come.

The performers did their best; the chief parts were well sung by Mesdames Florence Easton, Gleeson White, and Edna Thornton,

and by Messrs. Robert Radford and MacLennan; while Mr Percy Pitt handled the score with his usual skill and cleverness. The audience was very friendly, and the setting of the opera beautiful. In short, Dr. Naylor's score received every chance, but it is not good enough to stand before us, even with assistance.

The subscription concert given by the London Trio at the Æolian Hall last week was full of interest. We heard the "Phantasie-Trio," composed by Mr. John Ireland, a work that gained a prize in the competition organised by the Worshipful Company of Musicians. It proved to be a very pleasant and interesting composition, sound in form and fertile in ideas; the interpretation was worthy of the score. The Brahms Trio in B was another item in the programme that pleased everybody, and was finely rendered by Mme. Amina Goodwin, Signor Simonetti, and Mr. Whitehouse, the last of whom played some 'cello solos delightfully. Not the least agreeable item on the programme was the singing of Mlle. Carlotta de Féo, who must always be reckoned among the artists who interest their audience. Few can express more happily the full significance of the songs sung, nor are there many singers who combine capacity, taste, and refinement in equal measure.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society was heard to advantage last week in the second concert of its thirty-seventh season. Beethoven's C minor Symphony was the *pièce de résistance* in a programme that included the introduction to the Third Act of the "Meistersingers" and the "Hebrides" Overture of Mendelssohn. Miss Violet Elliott and Mr. Philip Simmons were the vocalists, and Miss Evangeline Anthony was the solo violinist. The whole performance was carried through in high spirits and received with enthusiasm, as though artists and audience were delighted to gain a few hours' respite from the fog that shrouded the Metropolis. The second

Smoking Concert has been fixed for Feb. 17 by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, President of a Society to which musical amateurs must be deeply indebted.

It is rumoured that the authorities have removed the ban from Saint-Saëns's opera, "Samson and Dalilah," and that it will be given on the opening night of the grand season, with Mme. Kirkby Lunn in the leading rôle. The gifted artist has been studying the part with M. Jean de Reszke in Paris. If we may hear "Samson and Dalilah" without injury to our morals, there is surely some hope for the "Salome" of Richard Strauss, whose "Elektra," produced last week in Dresden, seems to have created the greatest interest throughout Germany. Perhaps, in days to come, the fact that a serious composer of high repute has chosen a Biblical subject for grand opera will not militate against the chances of that opera's production in London. The moral risk is not great, but the artistic gain may be.

COMMON CHORD.



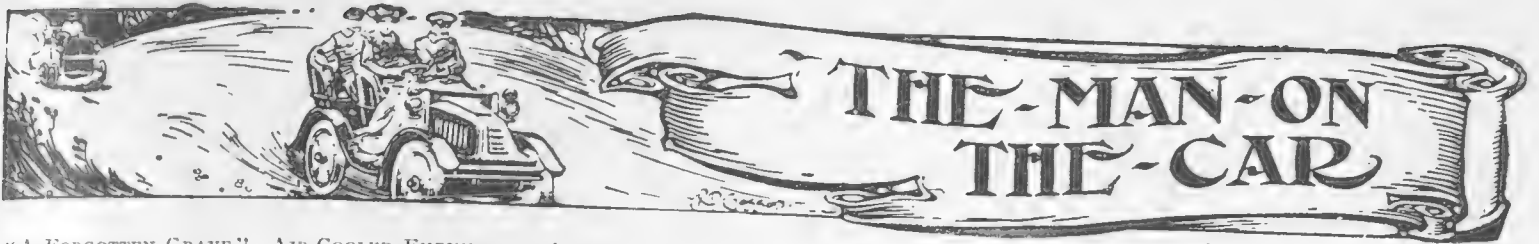
Monna Vanna (Mlle. Bréval).

Prinzevalle (M. Muratore).

"MONNA VANNA" AS AN OPERA (DESPITE ITS AUTHOR):

MONNA VANNA IN PRINZEVALLE'S TENT.

Despite much opposition from its author, M. Maurice Maeterlinck, "Monna Vanna" has been produced in Paris as an opera, to the music of M. Henri Février. It will be recalled that this tent scene, as it appears in the original play, was the cause of considerable controversy, Monna Vanna having to go to Prinzevalle's tent clad only in her mantle.—[From the Drawing by Clair Guvnt.]



"A FORGOTTEN GRAVE"—AIR-COOLED ENGINES: AN AMERICAN EXAMPLE—TYRE RE-TREADING PAR EXCELLENCE—MOTOR-CAR UPKEEP: AN AVERAGE.

MR. CHARLES JARROTT, ever forward in good works, draws attention to the melancholy fact that the grave of the poor young Englishman who was killed by the overturning of an English car in the fatal and abortive Paris-Madrid race remains unmarked by any sort of memorial in the cemetery of Bonneval. This neglect has been ever a matter of astonishment to the inhabitants of Bonneval, who, like all Frenchmen, are most punctilious in their duties to their dead; but now, at Jarrott's suggestion, this stigma is thus tardily to be removed. It is quite fitting that Jarrott should move in this matter, for on a trusty Panhard he started No. 1 in that fear-some scurry, and remained unpassed for nearly half the distance. In his book on motoring, published a year or two since, he tells the story of his experiences in this notorious event, and his feelings as, chased by some 130 cars, he fled, in the grey of that fatal morning, out and away from Paris for Bordeaux.

Except for motor-cycle engines of the lower powers, at least of late years, air-cooling has not received much attention by the internal combustion engine makers of Europe. On the other side of the Atlantic they have, however, dallied considerably with the atmosphere as a cooling medium. It would have been thought that the European makers, who, of course were earlier in the field than their Transatlantic brethren, would have been anxious to light upon some means of dispensing with water-jackets and their joints, circulating-pumps and their leads. And, indeed, so they were, but finding the remedy worse than the disease, they set to work to improve the water-jacketing system until but little fault could be found with it. Consider for a moment the Spartan simplicity of a four-cylinder engine cast *en bloc* and thermo-syphon circulation. That system, so successfully adopted by the Renault people, is innocent of many complications, but there still remains that somewhat expensive and rather tender apparatus, the radiator. Tender indeed, even when in more robust form than that known as the honeycomb or *nid d'abeilles*. The elimination of the honeycomb, or, indeed, any other hydro-parted radiator, is a consummation devoutly, etc., and one American manufacturer has attempted it, apparently with some success.

I say with some success, and this must be so, as the firm continue to manufacture cars on the air-cooled principle year after year. But in adopting air-cooling by means of solid flanged cylinders and a fan, in order to do away with the radiator—the only complication in thermo-syphon cooling—an engine complication has been added which seems to me to go far to outweigh the other simplification. To get rid of the exploded charge as early as

possible, an additional mechanically operated exhaust-valve is placed at the bottom of the cylinder, which is opened by the cam-shaft a space before the piston reaches the end of its firing stroke. Now, to add four poppet-valves, with all their necessary fittings and operating mechanism, in order to get efficient air-cooling, seems to me like robbing Peter to pay Paul. On the whole, I am inclined to the opinion that, in the present state of perfected manufacture, I should prefer the radiator necessary to thermo-syphon cooling to the additional four exhaust-valves of the air system. The particular makers I have in mind further claim that the perfection of their air-cooling system is the central induction-valve and the dome-shaped combustion-chamber. These are quite sound in their way, but I should prefer them in connection with thermo-syphon water-cooling.

From time to time I have done my best to warn my readers against the jobbing tyre-treaders who, by means of small advertisements in the lesser motor papers, obtain tyre-treading jobs at alluringly cheap prices. As a matter of fact, the price is the only cheap thing about it, for if the best appliances and the highest skill are required for any work connected with tyres, they are needed in the matter of re-treading. It was for such reasons that I suggested the establishment

of the Dunlop Tyre Company's repair works at Acton as a boon and a blessing to car-owners; and that this is so is borne out in a letter written by a motoring doctor to a contemporary. Our medical friend writes, "I think you would do your readers a great kindness to warn them against cheap re-treads. These, when carried out by some firms on identical tyres—namely, of the same make—are so vastly inferior to those done by the Dunlop Company as to be valueless. When compared side by side the difference is ludicrous, though, of course, the charge made by the latter is more. Of the two, the dearer is far cheaper in the long run."

The cost of the upkeep of a motor-car is a very fruitful subject of discussion, and great and various are the differences which obtain with divers people. It is just a question whether it is well to abide by any particular personal evidence in this connection, but an average founded upon a number of cases should prove a fairly correct guide. I am moved to these remarks by a late encounter with

an interesting little De Dion pamphlet, entitled "The Cost of Motoring," in which the financial evidence of many motoring medicos and others is given on this point. Twenty-seven sets of returns in all have been carefully analysed, with the result that the cost of running a single-cylinder car five thousand miles—which is about a doctor's yearly average—comes to £45 14s.



A UNIQUE MOTOR SNOW-PLOUGH: THE GEROCHE, SHOWING THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOOR OF THE CHASSIS ABOVE THE GROUND.

The floor of the chassis is raised, as may be noted, a considerable distance from the ground, so that if the snow is soft, the runners will sink to a considerable distance before the chauffeur is inconvenienced or the mechanism impeded.



A UNIQUE MOTOR SNOW-PLOUGH: THE PLOUGH IN DETAIL.

Photographs by Branger.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

COMING EVENTS—PAID STEWARDS.

NOW that the weights have been issued for the Spring Handicaps there will be plenty of animation, at least in the London clubs. However, speculators must not pay too much attention to the printed quotations on coming races, as the market for the first few weeks is entirely controlled by the agents of the Continental list men, who are doing big hedging business. I shall not

certain meetings where the stewards are supposed to be half blind. With a paid steward these things could not be.

The breeder of Your Majesty does not appear likely to entertain such high prospects of winning the Derby this season as was the case last year. However, an attack of coughing put Your Majesty



ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE LINKS IN THE WORLD: THE GOLF-COURSE AT BIARRITZ.

Photographs by Topical.

attempt to analyse the weights, as it is dangerous to touch the spring races until after the acceptances have appeared. Suffice it to say here that I have heard good accounts of Poor Boy and Longcroft for the Lincoln Handicap; while I am told that Mattie Macgregor and Tom West must be followed for the Grand National. The latter, who met with a railway accident some months back, is now said to be sound and well. He is a safe jumper, and stays for ever. With reference to the City and Suburban, a good judge tells me that, despite his weight, Llangwm could not be beaten if he were started; but the horse has several good cup and weight-for-age engagements, and he may be saved for these. He is one of the best-looking horses in training, and, if I am not misinformed, could hold Your Majesty quite harmless at any distance up to a mile and a half. Of course, he may have developed into a stayer by now. In that case he is very likely to clear the board.

The time has arrived when the paid steward should at least be given a trial in this country under both sets of rules. The plan has worked well in Australia, and I feel sure there would be fewer upsets of form in England if a paid official were on the look-out all the time. I knew a big owner—who, by-the-bye, has been dead for some years now—who used to employ a professional man to travel the meetings to see how his horses ran. The plan worked well, as the owner, who could not always go racing, was kept well informed of the doings of his horses and jockeys. I am certain that present-day owners would welcome the appointment of paid stewards, who would see that they were getting a fair run for their money. There have been rumours of doping, jockey-rings, etc., of late. Probably there are no grounds for these. One thing is certain: they would not exist if the paid steward were in evidence. How often under present conditions do we find that amateur stewards leave the course before the last race has been decided, and in the case of an objection, it has to be held over to the following day. Ay, and how often do we find results turn out topsy-turvy at

out of court at Epsom, though he fully made amends at Sandown Park and Doncaster. Mr. J. B. Joel at first thought his best youngsters would be The Story, by Sundridge—Sweet Story, who last season finished a bad third to Princesse de Galles in the Boscawen Stakes at Newmarket; and Verne, by Bill of Portland—La Vierge, and therefore a half-sister to Sir Geoffrey, Prince William, and Pure Gem. Both are doing well in Morton's team, but are scarcely expected to attain the highest honours. Dean Swift and Pure Gem, as well as Your Majesty, are, however, the subjects of confident anticipations. Mr. J. B. Joel has, during the past year or so, sent all his best matrons to Sundridge, who will this season have quite a useful and handsome lot of youngsters running on the Turf, and, from what I have seen of the yearlings by this magnificent horse, they should raise him to a high position in 1910. Mr. J. B. Joel is

largely his own stud-master, and takes such interest in the matter that he not only mates all the mares as he thinks best (and with highly satisfactory results), but will spend hours with his yearlings, watching their development, and determining how and where they shall be engaged. In addition to the stud at Northaw there is now the magnificent estate at Childwickbury, where Mr. J. B. Joel's mares and yearlings are mostly stabled, together with Sundridge and Handspring. When the late Sir Blundell Maple's place was found to be for sale, Mr. Joel undertook to buy everything, and so acquired what might be regarded as a "going concern." But he has much improved the place, and has now his own poultry farm (with special incubators), his own dairy, and his own forge, where all the plates are made for the thoroughbreds; and from the River Ver is drawn the water with which to supply the house and stud and farms. Mr. Joel owns several valuable dogs, amongst them Great Danes and bulldogs, and some of his pigeons (particularly the fantails) are amongst the best I have ever seen.

CAPTAIN COE.



PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AS FOOTBALLERS: MAYO PUNCHING OUT DURING THE MATCH BETWEEN GOLFING FOOTBALLERS AND FOOTBALLING GOLFERS.

A team of professional golfers and a team of professional footballers met in a charity match at Tottenham last week. The golfing footballers scored eight goals; the footballing golfers, three goals.

Photograph by the Sports Company.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

An Intimidating Hostess.

It is certain that London society nowadays would not tolerate such a tyrannical hostess as the famous Lady Holland, who reigned at Kensington House from the beginning of the nineteenth century till the 'forties, and of whose extraordinary manners we get so amusing a picture in "The Holland House Circle." That she was rude, overbearing, and capricious did not interfere with her success among the masculine celebrities of the day; but it is obvious the ladies of the time fought shy of her, partly because of her complicated past, and partly for the reason that they would not be ordered to pick up her fan, nor have the flowers snatched from their hair (as happened to Caroline Norton) because she did not approve of them. It is true she could be agreeable and cordial when she chose; but there is an authentic story that she changed Lord Melbourne's place at table so often on one occasion that the statesman rose, and remarking, with his usual oath, that he would not dine with her at all, marched out of the house. Such a scene at a twentieth-century dinner-table in London is inconceivable, for the manners of the aristocracy, through loss of money, prestige, and power, have become more chastened and more democratic. As a matter of fact, the rise of the plutocracy has made London society no longer subservient to this or 'tother great lady, and it is guests more than hostesses nowadays who set the tone of a house and insist on their sacred rights.

Why London Scores.

"In London," said Charles Greville, with all

the grandiloquence of the Regency, "genius and ability always maintain an ascendancy over pomp, vanity, and the adventitious circumstances of birth or position." We should state this obvious fact with more simplicity in these days, but it is eternally true of this capital all the same, and has made it, socially, a far more entertaining place to live in than Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or New York. In the Empire City, indeed, genius is looked upon askance; in Vienna you must possess sixteen quarterings to your escutcheon to be *bien vu*; Paris is socially too rent in twain, and Berlin too essentially military, to be agreeable in these times. But in London, a man (or, for the matter of that, a woman) need possess nothing more material than charm, wit, and good manners to spring to the top of the ladder. And so it has always been, from the Augustan age of Anne to the genial times of the Seventh Edward. What Society justly dislikes are affectation, snobbishness, and pomposity, nor will London tolerate these undesirable qualities, even among those who sit in the seats of the mighty.

The Decay of Vanity.

We moderns have undoubtedly lost a priceless possession—namely, the sense of beauty; and with it is fast disappearing that most human of all failings—vanity. In Italy, at the time of the Renaissance, buildings, pictures, statues, and houses were beautiful; and sumptuous beyond anything was the dress of men and women. In the England of the present day we still make tentative efforts after Beauty, but our favourite vehicle is the motor-car; our buildings resemble the new War Office; our statues are—as we know; and the dress of our menkind, though strictly serviceable, is of an ugliness which has never been surpassed since woad and skins were *chic*. The mere woman is, indeed, apt to wonder what has become of the normal, healthy vanity of her male belongings. It is true that they always look dazzlingly, unsurpassably clean; but there their æsthetic efforts seem to end. In what other age, if a man had the misfortune to lose his hair, would he not promptly have worn a wig? Look down from the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons, turn your eyes on the stalls from a box at the Opera, and what do you see in this so-called civilised age? Row upon row of shining bald heads! The man who is bold enough to reintroduce the neat perruque of the reigns of the Georges will earn the lasting gratitude of his contemporaries.

A Ton of Pins.

Woman, in fact, is left to fight the battle for

beauty alone, unaided, and often derided for her pains. Unceasing in her struggle, she insists on the fashions being changed at least twice a year, in haste to arrive at her ever-elusive ideal. She will wear literally anything, trying experiments (like empirical scientists) on her

own vile body. Her head-gear widens and diminishes with telescopic suddenness; her skirts puff out, or cling like wrung towels; one moment her throat is bare, and in the next she wears an Elizabethan ruff. And in the process of these magnificent struggles towards the Ideal, woman will use, at one single modish dressmaker's, a ton of pins in one year. A ton of pins! The imagination reels at the thought, for what countless hours of struggling with rebellious materials, what visions of knitted brows and aching backs, of kneeling, anxious acolytes at the Temple of Fashion, does not the phrase evoke? Moreover, it is the Frenchwoman—always pastmistress in the mode—who uses this egregious quantity of steel. For *la ligne*, which Alexandre Dumas *finds* long ago discovered to be the secret of woman's beauty, is not to be obtained without profound study and the free use of the humble, necessary pin.



AN EMPIRE EVENING GOWN OF AQUA-MARINE-COLOURED SATIN.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

WHEN fog descends upon us, the afternoons and evenings in cosy, well-lighted, and thoroughly warmed rooms are the most enjoyable times of our days—not then very much removed from nights. We play bridge or poker-bridge and we gossip, while after dinner the men join us and take us to the play or the Opera. Bridge palls after a time; most of the women about town are satiated with it. Men play a great deal still; but they always did play whist a lot at their clubs, and, let them say what they will, the games without women are the games they most enjoy. The rabid feminine card-player, who is at bridge afternoon and evening three or four days a week, is an object of amusement to men, if not of something less amiable.

Everyone pitied Lord Kensington's sister for having her very pretty wedding in such a fog. The effect in church was curious: the altar, the red robes and white lawn of the Bishop of St. David's, and the kneeling bride and groom looked dream-like and far away. The little bridesmaids distributed their lily-of-the-valley favours prettily and shyly. Everyone looked very happy, including a wee man-o'-war's-man son of Lord and Lady Kensington, with a lily-of-the-valley favour in each buttonhole of his pea-jacket.

Women tell each other where they get their clothes, their hats, their hair done, and their teeth seen to; what they divulge only to their dearest, and then as a mark of very special favour, is where they go to preserve their beauty. The personality of the marvelously clever lady specialist behind the Cyclax Company is nevertheless known to most of the beautiful women of the day, from greatly admired royal ladies to those whose doings and sayings are eagerly recorded because they are beautiful. This benefactress to her sex is herself beautiful, which is so assuring. I somehow find it hard to believe in a skin-specialist, a curer of acne, a charmer



PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE 5TH V.B. ISLE OF WIGHT (PRINCESS BEATRICE'S) HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

This 12-inch sterling silver dessert-bowl has been presented to the officers' mess by Colonel Seely, M.P. The work has been executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908) Ltd., Royal Works, Sheffield, and of 158, Oxford Street, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and 220, Regent Street, W., London.

away of lines and wrinkles, who is not herself bright of eye and beautiful of skin. I can now tell my readers that the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, have concluded arrangements by which their clients can secure her personal treatment, which has had results so little short of magical that women home from India, worn and drawn and dry of skin, have, after a few treatments, given their friends cause to exclaim in admiration at the change. It is satisfactory to know that the Company under no circumstance ever publish the name of a client, private or professional. If they did, the advertisement to the skill of their specialist would indeed be unique. The feelings, however, of many a much-admired stage favourite and woman of highest rank would be hurt, because it is a woman's way to want her beauty to be considered as a thing she is quite careless about.

The new Countess of Granard will be presented at the first Court, as her husband is Master of the Horse—a high Court official. The wife of the newest peer, whom all knew as the Right Hon. John Sinclair, will also be presented on her new rank at the first Court, and so will also Mrs. Winston Churchill. Mrs. Reginald McKenna, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, is another Minister's wife waiting presentation.

On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of an Empire gown in aqua-marine-coloured satin. The bodice part is draped with fine lace finished with points caught into tassels.

One of the features of the architectural transformation that has been taking place in London of late years is the imposing character of its commercial palaces. Among the great business-houses which have recently erected new premises is the Hackney Furnishing Company, which has now opened a West-End establishment in Oxford Street, at the corner of Chapel Street, midway between Oxford Circus and Tottenham Court Road. This is a rare instance of a local and suburban firm gravitating to Central London to take its place among the great houses of the West End. The Hackney Furnishing Company ascribes its success to its methods, terms, and prices, the confidence it has inspired, and the personalities of those who conduct it. It makes a feature of payment by instalments, a method which it claims to have rescued

from disrepute by the care with which the interests of customers are considered and safeguarded. It has also done much to bring artistic furnishing within the reach of moderate incomes.

The London Diocesan Orchestra will give a concert to-day (Wednesday) at 3 p.m., at Bridgwater House, St. James's, in aid of the Bishop of London's Fund. The following artists have kindly promised to help: Miss Gladys Barton, Mr. Albert Archdeacon, Mr. Lionel Tertis, and Miss Louise Perceval-Clark. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Lovell, 18, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, N.; Miss G. L. Kemp-Welch, 2, Porchester Gate, W.; and Miss Inez Colville, 85, Lexington Gardens, W.

A novel roller-skating performance has been arranged by the directors of the Empire Theatre, and is to be carried out on an unusually large scale, both as regards production and the expert skaters who will take part in the entertainment.

The scene is to be in Holland in the winter, and the Dutch men and girls skating in national costume should give a picturesque and charming effect. Amongst those appearing in the performance is the world-renowned champion skater, Video.

The directors of Carreras, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the past half-year.

It took the world two thousand years to discover that we had threaded the needle at the wrong end, and the result of that discovery led to the invention of the sewing-machine. It has taken us many generations to discover that we have been too often using the wrong kind of blacking for our foot-wear, and the result of that discovery is the invention of Nugget Polish. This is as much in front of the old style of thing as the locomotive is in front of the old stage-coach.

Dividend warrants in payment of the half-yearly dividend on the 6 per cent. Preference shares for the half-year ended Jan. 31, 1909, were posted to the Preference shareholders of Rudge Whitworth, Limited, on Jan. 30.



THE BOVRIL BONUS PICTURE: "THE SLEEPING MINSTREL," BY A. A. DIXON.

The current Bovril bonus picture, here reproduced in miniature, was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year. Until June 30, every bottle, tin, or jar of Bovril, costing from 6d. to 5s. 10d., and sold to the trade, will bear a coupon; and this coupon will vary in value in proportion to the size. Up to and including June 30, coupons to the aggregate face-value of not less than 21s. will be exchanged for a copy of "The Sleeping Minstrel," or a pair entitled, "My Boy" and "The Huntsman's Pet."

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 9.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

TRADE depression is telling considerably upon the ordinary industrial shares of the Miscellaneous Market, and the dividend-notices, reports, and accounts from all manner of different commercial undertakings show a retrogression that is very general. The "Canadian" group of electric-lighting, power, and traction companies has displayed a good deal of activity, but this held little interest for the public at large, although a careful inquiry into the 5 per cent. Gold Bonds of such concerns as the Rio de Janeiro Trams, the Mexican Light and Power, or the Canadian General Electric will repay the investor. All these issues stand about 94. Cheap, too, are the new 6 per cent. Bonds issued at 96½ by the Mexico Tramways Company, though they must, of course, be regarded as coming into the rank of second-class investments. As regards more popular descriptions, Vickers fell to 37s. 6d., but rallied to 39s., the rumour as to the Company being in want of further funds not receiving much credit. Brewery stocks, naturally, are weak. National Telephone Deferred at 122 is *cum* 3 per cent. dividend, and the estimates of what the stock will be paid off at by the Government at the end of the Company's life vary from 100 to 150!

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

So long is it since I have laid pen to paper in writing a Stock Exchange letter for *The Sketch* that I have almost forgotten the way—just as the gentle shepherds who helped introduce the Antelope to the Kaffir Market seemed to have forgotten part of the old cunning which used to stand introducers in such good stead when prospectusless companies were at the height of their vogue. Else, surely, the dealers in the market would not have taken Antelopes firm (without call of more, mind you, at any price) at 1½ without making a few inquiries as to whether there were any cheaper shares about. In point of fact, certain folks up in the North—that always canny North—took Antelopes at 1½ before ever London had a chance at 1½, so when the London market opened at 1½ bid, the country promptly sold, and took half-a-crown a share profit, which wasn't at all bad business for anyone except the unfortunate buyers at 1½ and over. Of course, there is much talk now of "ratting," much indignation and disgust, but it's difficult to see why the North should not have sold, unless there were anything in the original contract to forbid it.

I don't know how it appeals to you, but to me there is something fantastically childish in the idea of grown men giving 27s. 6d. for shares in a mine that they know nothing whatever about except a few particulars which appeared on a printed slip handed round the market. They buy the shares just because somebody assures them they will go better, not because they believe the property to be a probable dividend-payer. It is often marvelled that bucket-shops can flourish as they do on the credulity of the public, but this isn't half so surprising as the fact that experts at the game will blindly put up money, because they are assured by someone that the price of shares is going to rise! So far as I know, the Antelope may be a very rich and magnificent property. I know nothing against it, but that's no reason why I should go and plank down 1½, at the special settlement, for whatever number took my fancy.

Of the more recent new issues, Canada 3½ per cent. bonds at 99½ and Argentine Great Western 5 per cent. Debentures at 110 look the most attractive. Both are, of course, sound securities, and the latter pays just over 4½ per cent. on the money. It can be bought, as also the Canada scrip, partly paid, and the issue prices were 99½ and 108. For a good 5½ per cent. investment, Uruguay Fives at 94 are worth indicating, but it does not pay to put eggs all into the same basket, or Continent. So, for a 5 per cent. all-round investment, I should pick out, say, Uruguay Fives, Bovril Preference, Great Northern Piccadilly and Brompton 4 per cent. Debentures, Chinese Imperial Railways 5 per cent. 1908 Scrip, Denver Railroad Preferred, and De Beers 5 per cent. Debentures. The selection is offered simply by way of suggestion, and the six issues are not at all a bad illustration of the way in which capital can be spread over four Continents, each of which contributes to the necessary 5 per cent. desired by any good investors.

If any of my readers still hold Mexican Light and Power Common, recommended in these letters when the price was many, many points lower, I should advise them to sell now. Mexico Trams are cheaper, but, maybe, we shall see both lower before any upward movement occurs.

In the market there is quite a general idea that Kaffirs have a good chance this spring. I hear such fine accounts of the Princess, and according to the published figures, the mine is doing remarkably well. There are rumours too, that the Ferreira is quietly arranging for a big amalgamation scheme. With so short a life in front of it, the Ferreira may well be supposed to be looking round for means to prolong its existence. If West Africans keep going, Gold Fields should improve, but it is immensely difficult to get up any enthusiasm over Jungle shares. Start people profit-taking, and then where would be your good market?

I dropped on to a bench beside him and asked what in the wide, wide world he was scribbling. He explained that he was qualifying for a financial job on an evening newspaper, and thrust into my hand these paragraphs as specimens of what he could do "when put to it," to use his own phrase:—

CHIRPS FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

(Any sub-heading that is eye-catching, not necessarily relevant.)

The Stock Exchange has been depressed, but although this is a usual feature of convalescence, prices, anomalously, have been no better. In fact, they grew gradually worse, and weakness at the close nearly finished some of them.

WHAT PRICE SCOTCH?

Consols fell on money, but the latter, strange to say, escaped unhurt. Irish went down, which, as a witty dealer remarked, was the proper direction for a market in any liquid stock. Gilt-edged securities showed no trace of silver lining.

ON THE SLIPPERY SLOPES.

Home Rails slipped back because of the fog, which made the lines greasy. Great Central Deferred, Little Chathams, and South Eastern Deferred are still *cum*-dividend, as, indeed, they have been for many years in the past, and as they are likely to remain for a lengthy time in the future. Undergrounds went up: optimists spoke as if they might rise to the surface, but the bears regard this as improbable.

WIT IN AMERICANS.

There has been weird bidding for Eries, but Stocks quietly sank, almost without a splash, and Unions excited division amongst professionals. "It's no use," complained a well-known broker as he hurriedly left the market, "it's no use counting your 'Chicks' before they're 'Atched'." Prices were manipulated by unscrupulous operators, some of whom wanted Smelting, and the rest Refining. Coppers were arrested by a check administered to Steel.

RUN ON OYSTERS.

Foreign stocks were idle, and Mexican Rails dull. Seconds were neglected, preference being allotted to natives. Trunks were sold by holders said to be exchanging into B.A.G.S. and other Argentines, but the market in the latter remained Pacific.

MINES THE MARKET.

South Africans at first advanced on news of a strike, but afterwards receded when it turned out that the strike was one of Kaffirs instead of gold or bears. Knights went up, but not far, and their subsequent fall bruised the bulls, who thereupon turned their attention to Antelope, which refused to. The West African market was darkened by fears of holders becoming lost in the Jungle, and prices went Wassau—

At this point, mad with rage, I looked up, but he had vanished. Methinks I know the style, too, yet cannot "place" it. So will anyone who does recognise it be so kind as to communicate his suspicions at once, so that retributive justice may forthwith be carried out by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Our correspondent "Q" has not sent us anything for publication this week, but mentions in writing that he thinks the public hardly realises the very large profits which Rubber-producing Companies are making, and are likely to make in the near future. He promises to send us shortly up-to-date particulars of some of the best Rubber concerns, and meanwhile indicates as very promising investments in this class, Luiggi Plantations, Bukit Rajah, and Anglo-Malays.

Saturday, Jan. 30, 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SINBAD.—It looks as if the worst were over in South Africa, and as soon as the general prosperity of the country improves the Breweries will again make big profits. We should hold, also Taquahs. "Q" sees no reason to change his opinion.

W. A. T.—The Welsbach Company is doing a large business, but prices are cut very much. If you have them, hold; but perhaps there are other more attractive investments just now.

HOPS.—The Nitrate Company is among the best, and you should hold.

W. C.—We can learn nothing of this Company.

H. D.—Have nothing to do with the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway bonds.

NEMO.—(a) It is probably worth while to join the Brewery reconstruction. (b) The market has a poor opinion of the prospects, although it seems there has been some French buying lately. (c) The objection to holding the shares is the heavy liability of £9 on each. If you will take a risk for big interest the shares are perhaps worth holding. The management is too much in one hand to please us, and it is said that the Company is involved in the Piccadilly Hotel trouble.

IGNORANT.—Nobody can suggest that Colombia stock is a safe investment. The ways of these Central American States are too well known, but the stock is, in our opinion, a good speculative investment, which may improve in price, and meanwhile pays good interest. Of course, Japanese are safer, but the profit is not likely to be so big. As a rule, chances of big profits mean a speculative investment.

TOGO.—(1) We think South African shares may all go better, and although we have no faith in this Company, they may be worth holding for a better price. (2) The future price depends a good bit on whether the London and Paris Exchange is reconstructed, as they are so largely interested in the Company. We should not buy. (3) A fair speculation.

C. B. H.—Your letter was answered on the 30th inst.

NEMO.—The paper is called *Le Moniteur des Interêts Matériels*, and can be obtained from Messrs. Davis and Co., Finch Lane, Cornhill, E.C.

BUCOLIC.—The facts stated by you as to the Debentures are accurate. We should not sell.

G. L. B.—There seems no reason to expect a quick rise. You can get out at a good profit.

H. M.—We don't like the shares. See answer to "Togo." As far as we can learn, work has not been resumed yet.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

After a blank week it is to be hoped racing will be practicable at Gatwick and Sandown, where good programmes are advertised. At the former place on the first day Gretchen's Pet may win the Wickham Hurdle Race; Spotted Lady the Surrey Steeplechase; and Bruges the Maiden Hurdle Race. On the second day Rex may win the Throckmorton Hurdle Race; Sweet Cecil the Stewards' Steeplechase; and Balbriggan the Brook Hurdle Race. On the first day at Sandown Lady Brenda may win the February Hurdle; Tinkabelle the Grand Prize Hurdle; Judina the Burwood Steeplechase; and Red Cloth the Mole Steeplechase. On the second day Lord Chatham may win the Prince of Wales' Steeplechase; Golden Hen the Cardinal's Hurdle Race; Police Trap the February Steeplechase; and Balbriggan the Metropolitan Hurdle Race.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

A RETROSPECT AND A REVIEW.

THE success of "Electra," and the persistent rumour that its composer will shortly become a member of Germany's Royal Academy of Art and Science compels public attention to turn once again to Richard Strauss. Little more than twenty years ago his symphonic fantasia, "Aus Italien," convinced the few who heard it with attention that a talented youth had joined the ranks of German composers. Some two years later the tone-poems, "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung," announced to the cognoscenti the rising of a new star. "Till Eulenspiegel," "Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," and "Ein Heldenleben" justified their hopes. A three-act opera, "Guntram," had fallen flat, but following the tone-poems came another opera, "Feuersnot," in which the striking music was allied to a story of Rabelaisian indecency. Then the composer's genius sought repose, to return refreshed in 1903 with the strange "Sinfonia Domestica," and three years later the much-discussed opera "Salomé." Never in the history of music have the bright colours and crude emotions of the East received, a setting more exalted, unflinching, and inspired. Now, within the last week, some of the best English judges of music have returned from Dresden with the announcement that Richard Strauss has given yet another masterpiece to the world, and that in the storm and stress consequent upon production the composer will leap over the barriers of the German Royal Academy, much as George III. (according to Lord Byron's "Vision of Judgment") succeeded in reaching Heaven. It is hard to believe that the man who has done so much, and is yet in the plenitude of his mental powers, is only now in his forty-fifth year.

Born in a musical circle, Richard Strauss was a player at the ripe age of four, and a composer two years later. By the time he was seventeen, great singers had sung his songs and leading orchestras had interpreted some of his instrumental music. He had learned to regard Mozart with the reverence that touches all who have a sense of what is best in all the world's great music, and had been reared in old traditions of German musical life.

Before he came of age he had conducted a work of his own with the Meiningen Orchestra at Munich, on the invitation of Von Bülow, whom he succeeded as conductor of the famous company. He went to Italy in 1886, and wrote the melodious "Aus Italien," a work with which the modern Strauss may be said to have been born, and then, with the literature of music at his finger-tips and a practical experience of the kind that few men can gain before middle age, he proceeded to tread the dangerous paths of the revolutionary. Modern forms and conventions were left behind; he moved steadily

forward under a shower of abusive epithets, the best hated and most discussed musician in Europe.

The reaction soon set in, and the indiscriminate mob that had abused him because of his virtues began to eulogise him on account of his many faults. He answered fools according to their folly, and much in his later work seems to have been written with his tongue in his cheek. The late Sir August Manns gave him his first hearing in England, at the Crystal Palace in 1896, and a year later he directed two of his tone-poems at a Queen's Hall concert, to the great distress of most present. To-day he conducts opera in some of Germany's leading opera-houses, and at his home in Berlin or the solitude of his country place near Garmisch composes the strange, epoch-making work that is the despair of so many musicians and music-lovers whose capacity for digesting his extraordinary disregard of convention is not equal to their desire to be in the movement. He has made money—not so much, perhaps, as Puccini, Leslie Stuart, Paul Rubens, and other immortals—but far more than has ever been amassed by those who seek, directly or indirectly, to justify Theophile Gautier's remark that music is the most disagreeable of all sounds. For his "Domestic Symphony," in which he has more than one sly laugh at his worshippers, he received close upon two thousand pounds, and if he will but condescend to write a song that is better supplied with melody than demi-semiquavers, it sells by the ton.

In appearance, Richard Strauss is decidedly interesting—tall, well built, with a high forehead from which the hair recedes steadily, thoughtful eyes, and an aspect of great assurance and tranquillity. His interests are many and modern; he touches intellectual life at many points, and thrives without aid or favour from Potsdam, where his opera, "Feuersnot," gave offence that can hardly be considered unreasonable. In this country he has made remarkable progress, and has been received in places where he has not been understood.

The "Domestic Symphony" is heard with at least as much appreciation as resignation at the Promenade Concerts, and the programmes of the Sunday League Concerts often contain one of his tone-poems. Doubtless his "Salomé" would be warmly welcomed if the keen regard of the censor for our morals could be relaxed. But the Dance of the Seven Veils and the erratic, not to say erotic, attitude of Salomé in the presence of the head of John the Baptist are so improper that they may not be put before the selected audience of our national Opera-House. We must go to the music-halls to see a vulgar version of them, and rest content with that, consoling ourselves with the comforting reflection that we are not like the unlicensed folk of the Continent.

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